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NEW YORK AND THE HUDSON: A SPRING IMPRESSION.

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I.

It was a concomitant, always, of the down-town hour that it could be felt as *most* playing into the surrendered consciousness and making the sharpest impression; yet, since the up-town hour was apt, in its turn, to claim the same distinction, I could only let each of them take its way with me as it would. The oddity was that they seemed not at all to speak of different things—by so quick a process does any one aspect, in the United States, in general, I was to note, connect itself with the rest; so little does any link in the huge looseness of New York, in especial, appear to come as whole, or as final, out of the fusion. The fusion, as of elements in solution in a vast hot pot, is always going on, and one stage of the process is as typical or as vivid as another. Whatever I might be looking at, or be struck with, the object or the phase was an item in the pressing conditions of the place, and as such had more in common with its sister-items than it had in difference from them. It mattered little, moreover, whether this might be a proof that New York, among cities, most deeply languishes and palpitates, or vibrates and flourishes (whichever way one may put it), under the breath of her conditions, or

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whether, simply, this habit of finding a little of *all* my impressions reflected in any one of them testified to the enjoyment of a real relation with the subject. I like, indeed, to think of my relation to New York as, in that manner, almost inexpressibly intimate, and as hence making, for daily sensation, a keyboard as continuous, and as free from hard transitions, as if swept by the fingers of a master-pianist. You cannot, surely, say more for your sense of the underlying unity of an occasion than that the taste of each dish in the banquet recalls the taste of most of the others; which is what I mean by the "continuity," not to say the affinity, on the island of Manhattan, between the fish and the sweets, between the soup and the game. The whole feast affects one as eaten—that is the point—with the general queer sauce of New York; a preparation as freely diffused somehow, on the East side as on the West, in the quarter of Grand Street as in the quarter of Murray Hill. No fact, I hasten to add, would appear to make the place more amenable to delineations that desire to be spoken of as hanging together.

I must confess, notwithstanding, to not being quite ready to point directly to the common element in the dense Italian neighborhoods of the lower East side and in the upper reaches of Fifth and Madison Avenues; though, indeed, I wonder at this inability in recollecting two or three of those charming afternoons of early summer, in Central Park, which showed the fruit of the foreign tree as shaken down there with a force that smothered everything else. The long residential vistas I have named were within a quarter of an hour's walk, but the alien was as truly in possession, under the high "aristocratic" nose, as if he had had but three steps to come. If it be asked why, the alien still striking you so as an alien, the singleness of impression, throughout the place, should still be so marked, the answer, close at hand, would seem to be that the alien himself fairly *makes* the singleness of impression. Is not the universal sauce essentially *his* sauce, and do we not feel ourselves feeding half the time from the ladle, as greasy as he chooses to leave it for us, that he holds out? Such questions were in my ears, at all events, with the cheerful hum of that Babel of tongues established in the vernal Park, and they supplied, beyond doubt, the livelier interest of any hour of contemplation there. I hate to drift into dealing with them at the expense of a proper tribute, kept distinct and

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vivid, to the charming bosky precinct itself, the great field of recreation in which they swarmed; but it could not be the fault of the brooding visitor, and still less that of the restored absentee, if he was conscious of the need of mental adjustment to phenomena absolutely fresh. He could remember still how, months before, a day or two after his restoration, a noted element of one of his first impressions had been this particular revealed anomaly. He had been, on the Jersey shore, walking with a couple of friends through the grounds of a large, new rural residence, where groups of diggers and ditchers were working, on those lines of breathless haste which seem always, in the United States, of the essence of any question, toward an expensive effect of landscape-gardening. To pause before them, for interest in their labor, was, and would have been everywhere, instinctive; but what came home to me on the spot was that whatever *more* would have been anywhere else involved had here inevitably to lapse.

What lapsed, on the spot, was the element of communication with the workers, as I may call it for want of a better name; that element which, in a European country, would have operated, from side to side, as the play of mutual recognition, founded on old familiarities and heredities, and involving, for the moment, some impalpable exchange. The men, in the case I speak of, were Italians, of superlatively southern type, and impalpable exchange struck me as absent from *their* horizon to positive intensity, to mere unthinkability. It was as if contact were out of the question and the sterility of the passage between us recorded, with due dryness, in our staring silence. This impression was for one of the party a shock—a member of the party for whom, on the other side of the world, the imagination of the main furniture, as it might be called, of any rural excursion, of *the* rural in particular, had been, during years, the easy sense, for the excursionist, of a social relation with any encountered type, from whichever end of the scale proceeding. Had that not ever been, exactly, a part of the vague warmth, the intrinsic color, of any honest man's rural walk in his England or his Italy, his Germany or his France, and was not the effect of its so suddenly dropping out, in the land of universal brotherhood—for I was to find it drop out again and again—rather a chill, straightway, for the heart, and rather a puzzle, not less, for the head?

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Shortly after the spring of this question was first touched for me I found it ring out again with a sharper stroke. Happening to have lost my way, during a long ramble among the New Hampshire hills, I appealed for information, at a parting of the roads, to a young man whom, at the moment of my need, I happily saw emerge from a neighboring wood. But his stare was blank, in answer to my inquiry; and, seeing that he failed to understand me, and that he had a dark-eyed "Latin" look, I jumped to the inference of his being a French Canadian. My repetition of my query in French, however, forwarded the case as little, and my trying him with Italian had no better effect. "What *are* you then?" I wonderingly asked—on which my accent loosened in him the faculty of speech. "I'm an Armenian," he replied, as if it were the most natural thing in the world for a wage-earning youth in the heart of New England to be—so that all I could do was to try and make my profit of the lesson. I could have made it better, for the occasion, if, even on the Armenian basis, he had appeared to expect brotherhood; but this had been as little his seeming as it had been that of the diggers by the Jersey shore.

To inquire of these things, on the spot, to betray, that is, one's sense of the "chill" of which I have spoken, is of course to hear it admitted, promptly enough, that there is no claim to brotherhood with aliens in the first grossness of their alienism. The material of which they consist is being dressed and prepared, at this stage, for brotherhood, and the consummation, in respect to many of them, will not be, cannot from the nature of the case be, in any lifetime of their own. Their children are another matter—as in fact the children, throughout the United States, are an immense matter, are almost the greatest matter of all; it is the younger generation who will fully profit, rise to the occasion and enter into the privilege. The machinery is colossal—nothing is more characteristic of the country than the development of this machinery, in the form of the political and social habit, the common school and the newspaper; so that there are always millions of little transformed strangers growing up in regard to whom the idea of intimacy of relation may be as freely cherished as you like. *They* are the stuff of whom brothers and sisters are made, and the making proceeds on a scale that really need leave nothing to desire. All this you take in, with a wondering mind,

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and in the light of it the great "ethnic" question rises before you on a corresponding scale and with a corresponding majesty. Once it has set your observation, to say nothing of your imagination, working, it becomes for you, as you go and come, the wonderment to which everything ministers, and that is quickened well-nigh to madness, in some places and on some occasions, by every face and every accent that meet your eyes and ears. The sense of the elements in the caldron—the caldron of the "American" character—becomes thus about as vivid a thing as you can at all quietly manage, and the question settles into a form which makes the intelligible answer further and further recede. "What meaning, in the presence of such impressions, can continue to attach to such a term as the 'American' character?—what type, as the result of such a prodigious amalgam, such a hotchpotch of racial ingredients, is to be conceived as shaping itself?" The challenge to speculation, fed thus by a thousand sources, is so intense as to be, as I say, irritating; but practically, beyond doubt, I should also say, you take refuge from it—since your case would otherwise be hard; and you find your relief not in the least in any direct satisfaction or solution, but absolutely in that blest general drop of the immediate need of conclusions, or rather in that blest general feeling for the impossibility of them, to which the philosophy of any really fine observation of the American spectacle must reduce itself, and the large intellectual, quite even the large æsthetic, margin supplied by which accompanies the spectator as his one positively complete comfort.

It is more than a comfort to him, truly, in all the conditions, this accepted vision of the too-defiant scale of numerosity and quantity—the effect of which is so to multiply the possibilities, so to open, by the million, contingent doors and windows; he rests in it, at last, as an absolute luxury, converting it even into a substitute, into *the* constant substitute, for many luxuries that are absent. He doesn't *know,* he can't *say,* before the facts, and he doesn't even want to know or to say; the facts themselves loom, before the understanding, in too large a mass for a mere mouthful: it is as if the syllables were too numerous to make a legible word. The *il*legible word, accordingly, the great inscrutable answer to questions, hangs in the vast American sky, to his imagination, as something fantastic and *abracadabrant,* belonging to no known language, and it is under this convenient ensign

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that he travels and considers and contemplates and, to the best of his ability, enjoys. The interesting point, in the connection, is moreover that this particular effect of the scale of things is the only effect that, throughout the land, is not directly adverse to joy. Extent and reduplication, the multiplication of common, cognate items and the continuity of motion, are elements that count, there, in general, for fatigue and satiety, prompting the earnest observer, overburdened perhaps already a little by his earnestness, to the reflection that the country is too large for any human convenience; that it can scarce, in the scheme of Providence, have been meant to be dealt with as we are trying, perhaps all in vain, to deal with it; and that its very possibilities of population themselves cause one to wince in the light of the question of intercourse and contact. That relation to its superficies and content—the relation of flat fatigue—is, with the traveller, a constant quantity; so that he feels himself justified of the inward, the philosophic, escape into the convenient immensity. And as it is the restored absentee, with his acquired habit of nearer limits and shorter journeys and more muffled concussions, who is doubtless most subject to flat fatigue, so it is this same personage who most avails himself of the liberty of waiting to see. It is an advantage—acting often in the way of compensation, or of an appeal from the immediate—that he becomes, early in his period of inquiry, conscious of intimately requiring, in whatever apparent inconsistency it may lodge him. There is too much of the whole thing, he sighs, for the personal relation with it; and yet he would desire no inch less for the relation that he describes to himself best perhaps either as the provisionally-imaginative or as the distantly-respectful. Diminution of quantity, even by that inch, might mark the difference of his having to begin to recognize from afar, as through a rift in the obscurity, the gleam of some propriety of opinion. What would a man make, many things still being as they are, he finds himself asking, of a *small* America?—and what may a big one, on the other hand, still not make of itself? Goodness be thanked, accordingly, for the bigness. The state of flat fatigue, obviously, is not an opinion, save in the sense attributed to the slumber of the gentleman of the anecdote who had lost consciousness during the reading of the play—it belongs to the order of mere sensation and impression.

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II.

The process of the mitigation and, still more, of the conversion of the alien goes on, meanwhile, obviously, not by leaps and bounds or any form of easy magic, but under its own mystic laws and with an outward air of quite declining to be unduly precipitated. How little it may be thought of in New York as a quick business we readily perceive as the effect of merely remembering the vast numbers of their kind that the arriving reinforcements, from whatever ends of the earth, find already in possession of the field. There awaits the disembarked Armenian, for instance, so warm and furnished an Armenian corner that the need of hurrying to get rid of the sense of it must become less and less a pressing preliminary. The corner growing warmer and warmer, it is to be supposed, by rich accretions, he may take his time, more and more, for becoming absorbed in the surrounding element, and he may in fact feel more and more that he can do so on his own conditions. I seem to find indeed in this latter truth a hint for the best expression of a whole side of New York —the best expression of much of the medium in which one consciously moves. It is formed by this fact that the alien is taking his time, and that you go about with him meanwhile, sharing, all respectfully, in his deliberation, waiting on his convenience, watching him at his interesting work. The vast foreign quarters of the city present him as thus engaged in it, and they are curious and portentous and "picturesque" just by reason of their doing so. You recognize in them, freely, those elements that are not elements of swift convertibility, and you lose yourself in the wonder of what becomes, as it were, of the obstinate, the unconverted residuum. The country at large, as you cross it in different senses, keeps up its character for you as the hugest thinkable organism for successful "assimilation"; but the assimilative force itself has the residuum still to count with. The operation of the immense machine, identical after all with the total of American life, trembles away into mysteries that are beyond our present notation, and that reduce us, in many a mood, to renouncing analysis.

Who and what is an alien, when it comes to that, in a country peopled from the first under the jealous eye of history?—peopled, that is, by migrations at once extremely recent, perfectly traceable and urgently required. They are still, it would appear,

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urgently required—if we look about, far enough, for the urgency; though of that truth such a scene as New York may well make one doubt. Which is the American, by these scant measures?—which is *not* the alien, over a large part of the country at least, and where does one put a finger on the dividing line, or, for that matter, "spot," and identify any particular phase of the conversion, any one of its successive moments? The sense of the interest of so doing is doubtless half the interest of the general question—the possibility of our seeing lucidly presented some such phenomenon, in a given group of persons, or even in a felicitous individual, as the dawn of the American spirit, while the declining rays of the Croatian, say, or of the Calabrian, or of the Lusitanian, still linger more or less pensively in the sky. Fifty doubts and queries come up, in regard to any such possibility, as one circulates in New York, with the so ambiguous element in the *launched* foreign personality always in one's eyes; the wonder, above all, of whether there be, comparatively, in the vastly greater number of the representatives of the fresh contingent, any spirit that the American does not find an easy prey. Repeatedly, in the electric cars, one seemed invited to take that for granted—there being occasions, days and weeks together, when the electric cars offer you nothing else to think of. The carful, again and again, is a foreign carful; a row of faces, up and down, testifying without exception to alienism unmistakable, alienism undisguised and unashamed. You do here, in a manner, perhaps, discriminate; the launched condition, as I have called it, is more developed in some types than in others; but I remember observing how in the Broadway and the Bowery conveyances in especial, they tended, almost alike, to make the observer gasp with the sense of isolation. It was not for this that the observer on whose behalf I more particularly write had sought to take up again the sweet sense of the natal air.

The great fact about his companions was that, foreign as they might be, newly inducted as they might be, they were *at home,* really more at home, at the end of their few weeks, or months, or their year or two, than they had ever in their lives been before; and that *he* was at home too, quite with the same intensity: and yet that it was this very equality of condition that, from side to side, made the whole medium so strange. Here again, however, relief may be sought and found—and I say this at the risk of

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perhaps picturing the restored absentee as too constantly requiring it; for there is fascination in the study of the innumerable ways in which this sense of being at home, on the part of all the types, may show forth. New York offers to such a study a well-nigh unlimited field; but I seem to recall winter days, harsh, dusky, sloshy winter afternoons, in the densely-packed East-side street-cars, as an especially intimate surrender to it. It took its place thus, I think, under the general American law of *all* relief from the great equalizing pressure: it took on that last disinterestedness which consists in one's getting away from one's subject by plunging into it, for sweet truth's sake, still deeper. If I speak, moreover, of this general first grossness of alienism as presented in "types," I use that word for easy convenience and not in respect to its indicating marked variety. There are many different ways, certainly, in which obscure fighters of the battle of life may look, under new high lights, queer and crude and unwrought; but the striking thing, precisely, in the crepuscular, tunnel-like avenues that the "Elevated" overarches—yet without quenching, either, that constant power of any American exhibition rather luridly to light itself—the striking thing, and the beguiling, was always the manner in which figure after figure and face after face already betrayed the common consequence and action of their whereabouts. Face after face, unmistakably, was "low"—particularly in the men, squared all solidly in their new security and portability, their vague but growing sense of many unprecedented things; and, as signs of the reinforcing of a large local conception of manners and relations, it was difficult to say if they most affected one as promising or as portentous.

The great thing, at any rate, was that they were all together so visibly on the new, the lifted, level—that of consciously not being what they *had* been, and that this immediately glazed them over as with some mixture, of indescribable hue and consistency, the wholesale varnish of consecration, that might have been applied, out of a bottomless receptacle, by a huge whitewashing brush. Here perhaps was the nearest approach to a seizable step in the evolution of the oncoming citizen, the stage of his no longer being for you—for any complacency of the romantic, or even verily of the fraternizing, sense in you—the foreigner of the quality, of the kind, that he might have been *chez lui*. Whatever he might see himself becoming, he was never to see himself

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that again, any more than you were ever to see him. He became thus, to my vision (which I have called fascinated for want of a better description of it), a creature promptly despoiled of those "manners" which were the grace (as I am again reduced to calling it) by which one had best known and, on opportunity, best liked him. He presents himself thus, most of all, to be plain—and not only in New York, but throughout the country—as wonderingly conscious that his manners of the other world, that everything you have there known and praised him for, have been a huge mistake; to that degree that the sense of this luminous discovery is what we mainly imagine his weighted communications to those he has left behind charged with; those rich letters home as to the number and content of which the Post-Office gives us so remarkable a statistic. If there are several lights in which the great assimilative organism itself may be looked at, does it not thus perhaps loom largest as an agent for revealing to the citizen-to-be the error in question? He hears it, under this ægis, proclaimed in a thousand voices, and it is as listening to these and as according to the individual more or less swiftly, but always infallibly, penetrated and convinced by them, that I felt myself see him go about his business, see him above all, for some odd reason, sit there in the street-car and with a slow, brooding gravity, a dim calculation of bearings, which yet never takes a backward step, expand to the full measure of it.

So, in New York, largely the "American" value of the immigrant who arrives at all mature is restricted to the enjoyment (all prepared to increase) of that important preliminary truth; which makes him for us, we must own, till more comes of it, a tolerably neutral and colorless image. He resembles for the time the dog who sniffs round the freshly-acquired bone, giving it a push and a lick, betraying a sense of its possibilities, but not —and quite as from a positive deep tremor of consciousness—directly attacking it. There are categories of foreigners, truly, meanwhile, of whom we are moved to say that only a mechanism working with scientific force could have performed this feat of making them colorless. The Italians, who, over the whole land, strike us, I am afraid, as, after the Negro and the Chinaman, the human value most easily produced, the Italians meet us, at every turn, only to make us ask what has become of that element of the agreeable address in *them* which has, from far back, so

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enhanced for the stranger the interest and pleasure of a visit to their beautiful country. They shed it utterly, I couldn't but observe, on their advent, after a deep inhalation or two of the clear native air; shed it with a conscientious completeness which leaves one looking for any faint trace of it. "Color," of that pleasant sort, was what they had appeared, among the races of the European family, most to have; so that the effect I speak of, the rapid action of the ambient air, is like that of the tub of hot water that reduces a piece of bright-hued stuff, on immersion, to the proved state of not "washing": the only fault of my image indeed being that if the stuff loses its brightness the water of the tub, at least, is more or less agreeably dyed with it. That is doubtless not the case for the ambient air operating after the fashion I here note—since we surely fail to observe that the property washed out of the new subject begins to tint with its pink or its azure his fellow soakers in the terrible tank. If this property that has quitted him—the general amenity of attitude in the absence of provocation to its opposite—could be accounted for by its having rubbed off on any number of surrounding persons, the whole process would be easier and perhaps more comforting to follow. It will not have been his first occasion of taking leave of short-sighted comfort in the United States, however, if the patient inquirer postpones that ideal to the real solicitation of the question I here touch on.

What *does* become of the various positive properties, on the part of certain of the installed tribes, the good manners, say, among them, as to which the process of shedding and the fact of eclipse come so promptly into play? It has taken long ages of history, in the other world, to produce them, and you ask yourself, with independent curiosity, if they may really be thus extinguished in an hour. And if they are not extinguished, into what pathless tracts of the native atmosphere do they virtually, do they provisionally, and so all undiscoverably, melt? Do they burrow underground, to await their day again?—or in what strange secret places are they held in deposit and in trust? The "American" identity that has profited by their sacrifice has meanwhile acquired (in the happiest cases) all apparent confidence and consistency; but may not the doubt remain of whether the extinction of qualities ingrained in generations is to be taken for quite complete? Isn't it conceivable that, for something

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like a final efflorescence, the business of slow comminglings and makings-over at last ended, they may rise again to the surface, affirming their vitality and value and playing their part? It would be for them, of course, in this event, to attest that had they been worth waiting so long for; but the speculation, at any rate, irresistibly forced upon us, is a sign of the interest, in the American world, of what I have called the "ethnic" outlook. The caldron, for the great stew, has such circumference and such depth that we can only deal here with ultimate syntheses, ultimate combinations and possibilities. Yet I am well aware that if these vague evocations of them, in their nebulous remoteness, may charm the ingenuity of the student of the scene, there are matters of the foreground that they have no call to supplant. Any temptation to let them do so is meanwhile, no doubt, but a proof of that impulse irresponsibly to escape from the formidable foreground which so often, in the American world, lies in wait for the spirit of intellectual dalliance.

III.

New York really, I think, is *all* formidable foreground; or if it be not, there is more than enough of this pressure of the present and the immediate to cut out the close sketcher's work for him. These things are a thick growth all round him, and when I recall the intensity of the material picture in the dense Yiddish quarter, for instance, I wonder at its not having forestalled, on my page, mere musings and, as they will doubtless be called, moonings. There abides with me, ineffaceably, the memory of a summer evening spent there by invitation of a high public functionary, domiciled on the spot—to the extreme enhancement of the romantic interest his visitor found him foredoomed to inspire—who was to prove one of the most liberal of hosts and most luminous of guides. I can scarce help it if this brilliant personality, on that occasion, the very medium itself through which the whole spectacle showed, so colors my impressions that if I speak, by intention, of the facts that played into them, I may really but reflect the rich talk and the general privilege of the hour. That accident, moreover, must take its place simply as the highest value and the strongest note in the total show—so much did it testify to the quality of appealing, surrounding life. The sense of this quality was already strong

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in my drive, with a companion, through the long, warm June twilight, from a comparatively conventional neighborhood; it was the sense, after all, of a great swarming, a swarming that had begun to thicken, infinitely, as soon as we had crossed to the East side and long before we had got to Rutgers Street. There is no swarming like that of Israel when once Israel has got a start, and the scene here bristled, at every step, with the signs and sounds, immitigated, unmistakable, of a Jewry that had burst all bounds. That it had burst all bounds, in New York, almost any combination of figures or of objects, taken at hazard, sufficiently proclaims; but I remember how the rising waters, on this summer night, rose, to the imagination, even above the house-tops, and seemed to sound their murmur to the pale distant stars. It was as if we had been thus, in the crowded, hustled roadway, where multiplication, multiplication of everything, was the dominant note, at the bottom of some vast sallow aquarium in which innumerable fish, of overdeveloped proboscis, were to bump together, forever, amid heaped spoils of the sea.

The children swarmed above all—here was multiplication with a vengeance, and the number of very old persons, of either sex, was almost equally remarkable; the very old persons being in equal vague occupation of the doorstep, pavement, curbstone, gutter, roadway, and every one alike using the street for over-flow. As overflow, in the whole quarter, is the main fact of life—I was to learn later on that, with the exception of some shy corner of Asia, no district in the world known to the statistician has so many inhabitants to the yard—the scene hummed with the human presence beyond any I had ever faced in quest even of re-freshment; producing part of the impression, moreover, no doubt, as a direct consequence of the intensity of the Jewish aspect. This, I think, makes the individual Jew more of a concentrated person, savingly possessed of everything that is in him, than any other human, taken at hazard—or is it simply, rather, that the unsurpassed strength of the race permits of the chopping into myriads of fine fragments without loss of race-quality? There are small strange animals, known to natural history, snakes or worms, I believe, which, when cut into segments, wriggle away contentedly and live in the snippet as completely as in the whole. So the denizens of the New York Ghetto, heaped as thick as the splinters on the table of a glass-blower, had each, like the fine

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glass particle, his or her individual share of the whole hard glitter of Israel. This diffused intensity, as I have called it, causes any array of Jews to resemble (if I may be allowed another image) some long nocturnal street where every window in every house shows a maintained light. The advanced age of so many of the figures, the ubiquity of the children, carried out in fact this analogy; they were all there for race, and not, as it were, for reason: that excess of lurid meaning, in some of the old men's and old women's faces, in particular, would have been absurd, in the conditions, as a really directed attention—it could only be the gathered past of Israel mechanically pushing through. The way, at the same time, this chapter of history did, all that evening, seem to push, was a matter that made the "ethnic" apparition, again, sit like a skeleton at the feast. It was fairly as if I could see the spectre grin while the talk of the hour gave me, across the board, facts and figures, chapter and verse, for the extent of the Hebrew conquest of New York. With a reverence for intellect, one should doubtless have drunk in tribute to an intellectual people; but I remember being at no time more conscious of that merely portentous element, in the aspects of American growth, which reduce to inanity any especial dismay quite as much as any high elation. The portent is one of too many—you always come back as I have hinted, with your easier gasp, to *that:* it will be time enough to sigh or to shout when the relation of the particular appearance to all the other relations shall have cleared itself up. Phantasmagoric for me, accordingly, in a high degree, are the interesting hours I here glance at content to remain—setting in this respect, I recognize, an excellent example to all the rest of the New York phantasmagoria. Let me speak of the remainder only as phantasmagoric too, so that I may both the more sweetly recall it and the sooner have done with it.

I have not done, however, with the impression of that large evening in the Ghetto; there was too much in the vision, and it has left too much the sense of a rare experience. For what did it all really come to but that one had seen with one's eyes the New Jerusalem on earth? What less than that could it all have been, in its far-spreading light and its celestial serenity of multiplication? There it was, there it is, and when I think of the dark, foul, stifling Ghettos of other remembered cities, I shall think by the same stroke of the City of Redemption, and evoke in par-

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ticular the rich Rutgers Street perspective—rich, so peculiarly, for the eye, in that complexity of fire-escapes with which each house-front bristles and which gives the whole vista so modernized and appointed a look. Omnipresent in the "poor" regions, this neat applied machinery has, for the stranger, a common side with the electric light and the telephone, suggests the distance achieved from the old Jerusalem. (These frontal iron ladders and platforms, by the way, so numerous throughout New York, strike more New York notes than can be parenthetically named—and among them perhaps, most sharply, the note of the ease with which, in the terrible town, on opportunity, "architecture" goes by the board; but the appearance to which they perhaps most conduce is that of the spaciously organized cage for the nimbler class of animals in some great zoological garden. This general analogy is irresistible—it seems to offer, in each district, a little world of bars and perches and swings for human squirrels and monkeys. The very name of architecture perishes, for the fire-escapes look like abashed afterthoughts, staircases and communications forgotten in the construction; but the inhabitants lead, like the squirrels and monkeys, all the merrier life.) It was while I hung over the prospect from the windows of my friend, however, the presiding genius of the district, and it was while, at a later hour, I proceeded in his company, and in that of a trio of contributive fellow pilgrims, from one "characteristic" place of public entertainment to another: it was during this rich climax, I say, that the City of Redemption was least to be taken for anything less than it was. The windows, while we sat at meat, looked out on a swarming little Square, in which an antlike population darted to and fro; the Square consisted in part of a "district" public garden, or public lounge, rather, one of those small backwaters or refuges, artfully economized for rest, here and there, in the very heart of the New York whirlpool, and which spoke louder than anything else of a Jerusalem disinfected. What spoke loudest, no doubt, was the great overtowering School which formed a main boundary, and in the shadow of which we all comparatively crouched.

But the School must not lead me on just yet—so colossally has its presence still to loom for us; that presence which profits so, for predominance, in America, by the failure of concurrent and competitive presences, the failure of any others looming at all

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on the same scale save that of Business, those in particular of a visible Church, a visible State, a visible Society, a visible Past; those of the many visibilities, in short, that warmly cumber the ground in older countries. Yet it also spoke loud that my friend was quartered, for the interest of the thing (from his so interesting point of view) in a "tenement-house"; the New Jerusalem would so have triumphed, had it triumphed nowhere else, in the fact that this charming little structure *could* be ranged, on the wonderful little Square, under that invidious head. On my asking to what latent vice it owed its stigma, I was asked in return if it didn't sufficiently pay for its name by harboring some five-and-twenty families. But this, exactly, was the way it testified—this circumstance of the simultaneous enjoyment by five-and-twenty families, on "tenement" lines, of conditions so little sordid, so highly "evolved." I remember the evolved fire-proof staircase, a thing of scientific surfaces, impenetrable to the microbe, and above all plated, against side friction, with white marble of a goodly grain. The white marble was surely the New Jerusalem note, and we followed that note, up and down the district, the rest of the evening, through more happy changes than I may take time to count. What struck me in the flaring streets (over and beyond the everywhere insistent, defiant, unhumorous, exotic face) was the blaze of the shops addressed to the New Jerusalem wants and the splendor with which these were taken for granted: the only thing indeed a little ambiguous was just this look of the trap too brilliantly, too candidly, baited for the wary side of Israel itself. It is not *for* Israel, in general, that Israel so artfully shines—yet its being moved to do so, at last, in that luxurious style, might be precisely the grand side of the City of Redemption. Who can ever tell, moreover, in any conditions and in presence of any apparent anomaly, what the genius of Israel may, or may not, really be "up to"?

The grateful way to take it all, at any rate, was with the sense of its coming back again to the inveterate rise, in the American air, of every value, and especially of the lower ones, those most subject to multiplication; such a wealth of meaning did this keep appearing to pour into the value and function of the country at large. Importances are all strikingly shifted and reconstituted, in the United States, for the visitor attuned, from far back, to "European" importances; but I think of no other mo-

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ment of my total impression as so sharply working over my own benighted vision of them. The scale, in this light of the New Jerusalem, seemed completely rearranged; or, to put it more simply, the wants, the gratifications, the aspirations of the "poor," as expressed in the shops (which were the shops of the "poor"), denoted a new style of poverty; and this new style of poverty, from street to street, stuck out of the possible purchasers, one's jostling fellow pedestrians, and made them, to every man and woman, individual throbs in the larger harmony. One can speak only of what one has seen, and there were grosser elements of the sordid and the squalid that I doubtless never saw. That, with a good deal of observation and of curiosity, I should have failed of this, the country over, affected me as by itself something of an indication. To miss that part of the spectacle, or to know it only by its having so unfamiliar a pitch, was an indication that made up for a great many others. It is when this one in particular is forced home to you—this immense, vivid, *general* lift of poverty and general appreciation of the living unit's paying property in himself—that the picture seems most to clear and the way to jubilation most to open. For it meets you there, at every turn, as the result most definitely attested. You are as constantly reminded, no doubt, that these rises in enjoyed value shrink and dwindle under the icy breath of Trusts and the weight of the new remorseless monopolies that operate as no madnesses of ancient personal power thrilling us on the historic page ever operated; the living unit's property in himself becoming more and more merely such a property as may consist with a relation to properties overwhelmingly greater and that allow the asking of no questions and the making, for coexistence with them, of no conditions. But that, in the fortunate phrase, is another story, and will be, altogether, evidently, a new and different drama. There is such a thing, in the United States, it is hence to be inferred, as freedom to grow up to be blighted, and it may be the only freedom in store for the smaller fry of future generations. If it is accordingly of the smaller fry I speak, and of how large they massed on that evening of endless admonitions, this will be because I caught them thus in their comparative humility and at an early stage of their American growth. The life-thread has, I suppose, to be of a certain thickness for the great shears of Fate to feel for it. Put it, at the

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worst, that the Ogres were to devour them, they were but the more certainly to fatten into food for the Ogres.

Their dream, at all events, as I noted it, was meanwhile sweet and undisguised—nowhere sweeter than in the half-dozen picked beer-houses and cafés in which our ingenuous *enquête,* that of my fellow pilgrim and I, wound up. These establishments had each been selected for its playing off some facet of the jewel, and they wondrously testified, by their range and their individual color, to the spread of that lustre. It was a pious rosary of which I should like to tell each bead, but I must let the general sense of the adventure serve. Our successive stations were in no case of the "seamy" order, an inquiry into seaminess having been unanimously pronounced futile, but each had its separate social connotation, and it was for the number and variety of these connotations, and their individual plenitude and prosperity, to set one thinking. Truly the Yiddish world was a vast world, with its own deeps and complexities, and what struck one above all was that it sat there at its cups (and in no instance vulgarly the worse for them) with a sublimity of good conscience that took away the breath, a protrusion of elbow never aggressive, but absolutely proof against jostling. It was the incurable man of letters under the skin of one of the party who gasped, I confess; for it was in the light of letters, that is in the light of our language as literature has hitherto known it, that one stared at this all-unconscious impudence of the agency of future ravage. The man of letters, in the United States, has his own difficulties to face and his own current to stem—for dealing with which his liveliest inspiration may be, I think, that they are still very much his own, even in an Americanized world, and that more than elsewhere they press him to intimate communion with his honor. For that honor, the honor that sits astride of the consecrated English tradition, to his mind, quite as old knighthood astride of its caparisoned charger, the dragon most rousing, over the land, the proper spirit of St. George, is just this immensity of the alien presence climbing higher and higher, climbing itself into the very light of publicity.

I scarce know why, but I saw it that evening as in some dim dawn of that promise to its own consciousness, and perhaps this was precisely what made it a little exasperating. Under the impression of the mere mob the question doesn't come up, but in

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these haunts of comparative civility we saw the mob sifted and strained, and the exasperation was the sharper, no doubt, because what the process had left most visible was just the various possibilities of the waiting spring of intelligence. Such elements constituted the germ of a "public," and it was impossible (possessed of a sensibility worth speaking of) to be exposed to them without feeling how new a thing under the sun the resulting public would be. That was where one's "lettered" anguish came in—in the turn of one's eye from face to face for some betrayal of a prehensile hook for the linguistic tradition as one had known it. Each warm lighted and supplied circle, each group of served tables and smoked pipes and fostered decencies and unprecedented accents, beneath the extravagant lamps, took on thus, for the brooding critic, a likeness to that terrible modernized and civilized room in the Tower of London, haunted by the shade of Guy Fawkes, which had more than once formed part of the scene of the critic's taking tea there. In this chamber of the present urbanities the wretched man had been stretched on the rack, and the critic's ear (how else should it have been a critic's?) could still always catch, in pauses of talk, the faint groan of his ghost. Just so the East-side cafés—and increasingly as their place in the scale was higher—showed, to my inner sense, beneath their bedizzenment, as torture-rooms of the living idiom; the piteous gasp of which at the portent of lacerations to come could reach me in any drop of the surrounding Accent of the Future. The accent of the very ultimate future, in the States, may be destined to become the most beautiful on the globe and the very music of humanity (here the "ethnic" synthesis shrouds itself thicker than ever); but whatever we shall know it for, certainly, we shall not know it for English—in any sense for which there is an existing literary measure.

IV.

The huge jagged city, it must be nevertheless said, has always at the worst, for propitiation, the resource of its easy reference to its almost incomparable river. New York may indeed be jagged, in her long leanness, where she lies looking at the sky in the manner of some colossal hair-comb turned upward and so deprived of half its teeth that the others, at their uneven intervals, count doubly as sharp spikes; but, unmistakably, you can bear with some of her aspects and her airs better when you have

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really taken in that reference, which I speak of as easy because she has in this latter time begun to make it with an appearance of some intention. She has come at last, far up on the West side, into possession of her birthright, into the roused consciousness that some possibility of a river-front may still remain to her; though, obviously, a justified pride in this property has yet to await the birth of a more responsible sense of style in her dealings with it, the dawn of some adequate plan or controlling idea. Splendid the elements of position, on the part of the new Riverside Drive (over the small suburbanizing name of which, as at the effect of a second-rate shop-worn article, we sigh as we pass); yet not less irresistible the pang of our seeing it settle itself on meagre, bourgeois, happy-go-lucky lines. The pity of this is sharp in proportion as the "chance" has been magnificent, and the soreness of perception of what merely might have been is as constant as the flippancy of the little vulgar "private houses" or the big vulgar "apartment hotels" that are having their own way, so unchallenged, with the whole question of composition and picture. The fatal "tall" pecuniary enterprise rises where it will, in the candid glee of new worlds to conquer; the intervals between take whatever foolish little form they like; the sky-line, eternal victim of the artless jumble, submits again to the type of the broken hair-comb turned up; the streets that abut from the East condescend at their corners to any crudity or poverty that may suit their convenience. And all this in presence of an occasion for noble congruity such as one scarce knows where to seek in the case of another great city.

A sense of the waste of criticism, however, a sense that is almost in itself consoling, descends upon the fond critic after his vision has fixed the scene awhile in this light of its lost accessibility to some informed and benevolent despot, some power working in one great way and so that the interest of beauty should have been better saved. Is not criticism wasted, in other words, just by the reason of the constant remembrance, on New York soil, that one is almost impudently cheated by any part of the show that pretends to prolong its actuality or to rest on its present basis? Since every part, however blazingly new, fails to affect us as doing more than hold the ground for something else, some conceit of the bigger dividend, that is still to come, so we may bind up the æsthetic wound, I think, quite as promptly as we

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feel it open. The particular ugliness, or combination of uglinesses, is no more final than the particular felicity (since there are several even of these up and down the town to be noted) and whatever crudely-extemporized look the Riverside heights may wear to-day, the spectator of fifty years hence will find his sorrow, if not his joy, in a different extemporization. The whole thing is the vividest of lectures on the subject of individualism, and on the strange truth, no doubt, that this principle may in the field of art—at least if the art be architecture—often conjure away just that mystery of distinction which it sometimes so markedly promotes in the field of life. It is also quite as suggestive perhaps as to the ever-interesting question, for the artist, of the entirely relative nature and value of "treatment." A manner so right in one relation may be so wrong in another, and a house-front so "amusing" for its personal note, or its perversity, in a short perspective, may amid larger elements merely dishonor the harmony. And yet why *should* the charm ever fall out of the "personal," which is so often the very condition of the exquisite? Why should conformity and subordination, that acceptance of control and assent to collectivism in the name of which our age has seen such dreary things done, become on a given occasion the one *not* vulgar way of meeting a problem?

Inquiries these, evidently, that are answerable only in presence of the particular cases provoking them; when indeed they may hold us as under a spell. Endless, for instance, the æsthetic nobleness of such a question as that of the authority with which the spreading Hudson, at the opening of its gates, would have imposed on the constructive powers, if listened to, some proportionate order—would in other words have admirably given us collectivism at its highest. One has only to stand there and *see*—of such value are lessons in "authority." But the great vista of the stream alone speaks of it—save in so far at least as the voice is shared, and to so different, to so dreadful, a tune, by the grossly-defacing railway that clings to the bank. The authority of railways, in the United States, sits enthroned as none other, and has always, of course, in any vision of aspects, to be taken into account. Here, at any rate, it is the rule that has prevailed; the other, the high interest of the possible picture, is one that lapses; so that the cliffs overhang the water, and at various points descend to it in green slopes and hollows (where the landscape-

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gardener does what he can), only to find a wealth of visible baseness installed there before them. That so familiar circumstance, in America, of the completion of the good thing ironically and, as would often seem for the time, insuperably baffled, meets here one of its liveliest illustrations. It at all events helps to give meanwhile the mingled pitch of the whole concert that Columbia College (to sound the old and easier name) should have "moved up"—moved up twice, if I am not mistaken—to adorn with an ampler presence this very neighborhood. It has taken New York to invent, for the thickening of classic shades, the "moving" University; and does not that quite mark the tune of the dance, of the local unwritten law that forbids almost *any* planted object to gather in a history where it stands, forbids in fact any accumulation that may not be recorded in the mere bank-book? This last became long ago *the* historic page.

It is, however, just because the beauty of the Hudson seems to speak of other matters, and because the sordid city has the honor, after all, of sitting there at the Beautiful Gate, that I alluded above to her profiting in a manner, even from the point of view of "taste," by this close and fortunate connection. The place puts on thus, not a little, the likeness of a large loose family which has had queer adventures and fallen into vulgar ways, but for which a glorious cousinship, never quite repudiated by the indifferent princely cousin—*bon prince* in this as in other matters—may still be pleaded. At the rate New York is growing, in fine, she will more and more "command," in familiar intercourse, the great perspective of the River; so that here, a certain point reached, her whole case must change and her general opportunity, swallowing up the mainland, become a new question altogether. Let me hasten to add that in the light of this opportunity even the most restless analyst can but take the hopeful view of her. I fear I am finding too many personal comparisons for her—than which indeed there can be no greater sign of a confessed preoccupation; but she figures, once again, as an heir whose expectations are so vast and so certain that no temporary sowing of wild oats need be felt to endanger them. As soon as the place begins to spread at ease, real responsibility, of all sorts, will begin, and the good-natured feeling must surely be that the civic conscience in her, at such a stage, will fall into step. Of the spreading woods and waters amid which the future

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in question appears still half to lurk, that mainland region of the Bronx, vast above all in possibilities of Park, out of which it already appears half to emerge, I unluckily failed of occasion to take the adequate measure. But my confused impression was of a kind of waiting abundance, an extraordinary quantity of "nature," for the reformed rake, that is the sobered heir, to play with. It is the fashion, in the East, to speak of New York as poor of environment, unpossessed of the agreeable, accessible countryside that crowns the convenience not only of London and of Paris, but even, with more humiliating promptitude, that of Boston, of Philadelphia, of Baltimore. In spite, however, of the memory, from far back, of a hundred marginal Manhattanese miseries, an immediate belt of the most sordid character, I cannot but think of this invidious legend as attempting to prove too much.

The countryside is there on the most liberal of scales—it is the townside, only, that, having the great waters, and the greater distances generally, to deal with, has worn so rude and demoralized a face as to frighten the country away. And if the townside is now making after the countryside fast, as I say, and with a little less of the mere roughness of the satyr pursuing the nymph, what finer warrant could be desired than such felicities of position as those enjoyed, on the Riverside heights, by the monument erected to the soldiers and sailors of the Civil War and, even in a greater degree, by the tomb of General Grant? These are verily monumental sites of the first order, and I confess, that, though introduced to them on a bleak winter morning, with no ingratiation in any element, I felt the critical question, as to the structures themselves, as to taste or intention, as to the amount of involved or achieved consecration or profanation, carried off in the general greatness of the effect. I shall in fact always remember that icy hour, with the temple-crowned headlands, the wide Hudson vista white with the cold, all nature armor-plated and grim, as an extraordinarily strong and simple composition; made stern and kept simple as for some visit of the God of Battles to his chosen. He might have been riding there, on the northwind, to look down at them, and one caught, for the moment, the true hard light in which military greatness should be seen. It shone over the miles of ice with its lustre of steel, and if what, thus attested, it makes one think of was its incom-

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parable, indestructible "prestige," so that association affected me both then and on a later occasion as with a strange indefinable consequence—an influence in which the æsthetic consideration, the artistic value of either memorial, melted away and became irrelevant. For here, if ever, was a great democratic demonstration caught in the fact, the nakedest possible effort to strike the note of the august. The tomb of the single hero, in particular, presents itself in a manner so opposed to our common ideas of the impressive, to any past vision of sepulchral state, that we can only wonder if a new kind and degree of solemnity may not have been arrived at in this complete rupture with old consecrating forms.

The tabernacle of Grant's ashes stands there by the pleasure-drive unguarded and unenclosed, the feature of the prospect and the property of the people, as open as an hotel or a railway-station to any coming and going, and as dedicated to the public use as builded things in America (when not mere closed churches) only can be. Unmistakable its air of having had, all consciously, from the first, to raise its head and play its part without pomp and circumstance to "back" it, without mystery or ceremony to protect it, without Church or State to intervene on its behalf, with only its immediacy, its familiarity of interest, to circle it about, and only its proud outlook to preserve, so far as possible, its character. The tomb of Napoleon at the Invalides is a great national property, and the play of democratic manners sufficiently surrounds it; but as compared to the small pavilion on the Riverside bluff it is a holy of holies, a great temple jealously guarded and formally approached. And yet one doesn't conclude, strange to say, that the Riverside pavilion fails of its expression a whit more than the Paris dome; one perhaps even feels it triumph by its use of its want of reserve as a very last word. The admonition of all of which possibly is—I confess I but grope for it—that, when there has been in such cases a certain other happy combination, an original sincerity of intention, an original propriety of site, and above all an original high value of name and fame, something in this line really supreme, publicity, familiarity, immediacy, as I have called them, *carried far enough,* may stalk in and out of the shrine with their hands in their pockets and their hats on their heads and yet not dispel the Presence. The question at any rate puts itself—as new ques-

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tions, in America, are always putting themselves: Do certain impressions there represent the absolute extinction of old sensibilities, or do they represent only new forms of them? The inquiry would be doubtless easier to answer if so many of these feelings were not mainly known to us just *by* their attendant forms. At this rate, or on such a showing, in the United States, attendant forms being, in every quarter, remarkably scarce, it would indeed seem that the sentiments implied *are* extinct; for it would be an abuse of ingenuity, I fear, to try to read mere freshness of form into some of the more rank failures of observance. There are failures of observance that stand, at the best, for failures of sense—whereby, however, the question grows too great. One must leave the tomb of Grant to its conditions and its future with the simple note for it that, if it be not in fact one of the most effective of commemorations, it is one of the most missed. On the whole, I distinctly "liked" it.

V.

It is still vivid to me that, returning in the spring-time from a few weeks in the Far West, I reentered New York State with the absurdest sense of meeting again a ripe old civilization and travelling through a country that showed the mark of established manners. It will seem, I fear, one's perpetual refrain, but the moral was yet once more that values of a certain order are, in such conditions, all relative, and that, as some wants of the spirit *must* somehow be met, one knocks together any substitute that will fairly stay the appetite. We had passed great smoky Buffalo in the raw vernal dawn—with a vision, for me, of curiosity, character, charm, whatever it might be, too needfully sacrificed, opportunity perhaps forever missed, yet at the same time a vision in which the lost object failed to mock at me with the last concentration of shape; and history, as we moved Eastward, appeared to meet us, in the look of the land, in its more overwrought surface and thicker detail, quite as if she had ever consciously declined to cross the border and were aware, precisely, of the queer feast we should find in her. The recognition, I profess, was a preposterous ecstasy: one couldn't have felt more if one had passed into the presence of some seated, placid, rich-voiced gentlewoman, after leaving that of an honest but boisterous hoyden. It was doubtless a matter only of degrees and shades,

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but never was such a pointing of the lesson that a sign of any sort may count double if it be but artfully placed. I spent that day, literally, in the company of the rich-voiced gentlewoman, making my profit of it even in spite of a second privation, the doom I was under of having only, all wistfully, all ruefully, to avert my lips from the quaint silver bowl, as I here quite definitely figured it, in which she offered me the entertainment of antique Albany. At antique Albany, to a certainty, the mature matron involved in my metaphor would have put on a particular grace, and as our train crossed the river for further progress I almost seemed to see her stand at some gable-window of Dutch association, one of the two or three impressed there on my infantile imagination, to ask me why then I had come so far at all.

I could have replied but in troubled tones, and I looked at the rest of the scene for some time, no doubt, as through the glaze of all but filial tears. Thus it was, possibly, that I saw the River shine, from that moment on, as a great romantic stream, such as could throw not a little of its glamour, for the mood of that particular hour, over the city at its mouth. I had not even known, in my untravelled state, that we were to "strike" it on our way from Chicago, so that it represented, all that afternoon, so much beauty thrown in, so much benefit beyond the bargain, the so hard bargain, for the traveller, of the American railway journey at its best. That ordeal was in any case at its best here, and the perpetually-interesting river kept its course, by my right elbow, with such splendid consistency that, as I recall the impression, I repent as little of having just now reflected with acrimony on the cost of the obtruded fact of the railroad to the Riverside view. One must, of course, choose between dispensing with the ugly presence and enjoying the scenery by the aid of the same—which but means, really, that to use the train at all had been to put one's self, for any proper justice to the scenery, in a false position. That, however, takes us too far back, and one can only save one's dignity by laying all such blames on our detestable age. A decent respect for the Hudson would confine us to the use of the boat—all the more that American river-steamers have had, from the earliest time, for the true *raffiné*, their peculiar note of romance. A possible commerce, on the other hand, with one's time—which is always also the time of so many other busy people—has long since made mince-meat of the rights of contemplation;

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rights as reduced, in the United States, to-day, and by quite the same argument, as those of the noble savage whom we have banished to his narrowing reservation. Letting that pass, at all events, I still remember that I was able to put, from the car-window, as many questions to the scene as it could have answered in the time even had its face been clearer to read.

Its face was veiled, for the most part, in a mist of premature spring heat, an atmosphere draping it indeed in luminous mystery, hanging it about with sun-shot silver and minimizing any happy detail, any element of the definite, from which the romantic effect might here and there have gained an accent. There was not an accent in the picture from the beginning of the run to Albany to the end—for which thank goodness, one is tempted to say, on remembering how often, over the land in general, the accents are wrong. Yet if the romantic effect as we know it elsewhere mostly depends on them, why *should* that glamour have so shimmered before me in their absence?—how should the picture have managed to be a constant combination of felicities? Was it just *because* the felicities were all vaguenesses, and the "beauties," even the most celebrated, all blurs—was it perchance on that very account that I could meet my wonder, so promptly, with the inference that what I had in my eyes on so magnificent a scale was simply, was famously, "style"? I was landed by that conclusion in the odd further proposition that style could then exist without accents—a quandary soon after to be quenched, however, in the mere blinding radiance of a visit to West Point. I was to make that memorable pilgrimage a fortnight later—and I was to find my question, when it in fact took place, shivered by it to mere silver atoms. The very powers of the air seemed to have taken the case in hand and positively to have been interested in making it transcend all argument. Our Sunday of mid-May, wet and windy, let loose, over the vast stage, the whole procession of storm-effects; the raw green of wooded heights and hollows was only everywhere rain-brightened, the weather playing over it all day as with some great gray water-color brush. The essential character of West Point and its native nobleness of position can have been but intensified, I think, by this artful process; yet what was mainly unmistakable was the fact again of the suppression of detail as in the positive interest of the grand style. One has therefore only to take detail as another name

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for accent, the accent that might prove compromising, in order to see it made good that style *could* do without them, and that the grand style in fact almost always must. How on this occasion the trick was played is more than I shall attempt to say; it is enough to have been conscious of our being, from hour to hour, literally bathed in that high element, with the very face of nature washed, so to speak, the more clearly to express and utter it.

Such accordingly is the strong silver light, all simplifying and ennobling, in which I see the place—see it as a cluster of high promontories, of the last classic elegance, overhanging vast receding reaches of river, mountain-guarded and dim, which took their place in the geography of the ideal, in the long perspective of the poetry of association, rather than in those of the State of New York. It was as if the genius of the scene had said: "No, you *sha'n't* have accent, because accent is, at the best, local and special, and might here by some perversity—how do I know, after all?—interfere. I want you to have something unforgettable, and therefore you shall have *type*—yes, absolutely have type, and even tone, without accent; an impossibility, you may hitherto have supposed, but which you have only to look about you now really to see expressed. And type and tone of the very finest and rarest; type and tone good enough for Claude or Turner, if they could have walked by these rivers instead of by their thin rivers of France and Italy; type and tone, in short, that gather in shy detail under wings as wide as those with which a motherly hen covers her endangered brood. So there you are—deprived of all 'accent' as a peg for criticism, and reduced thereby, you see, to asking me no more questions." I was able so to take home, I may add, this formula of the matter, that even the interesting facts of the School of the Soldier which have carried the name of the place about the world almost put on the shyness, the air of conscious evasion and escape, noted in the above allocution—scarce struck me as occupying the foreground of the picture. It was part of the play again, no doubt, of the gray water-color brush: there was to be no consent of the elements, that day, to anything but a generalized elegance—in which effect, certainly, the clustered, the scattered Academy played, on its high green stage, its part. But, of all things in the world, it massed, to my vision, more mildly than I had some-

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how expected; and I take that for a feature, precisely, of the pure poetry of the impression. It lurked there with grace, it insisted without swagger—and I could have hailed it just for this reason indeed as a presence of the last distinction. It is doubtless too much to say, in fine, that the Institution, at West Point, "suffers," comparatively for vulgar individual emphasis, from the overwhelming liberality of its setting—and I perhaps chanced to see it in the very conditions that most invest it with poetry. The fact remains that, both as to essence and as to quantity, its prose seemed washed away, and I shall recall it in future much less as the sternest, the world over, of all the seats of Discipline, than as some great Corot-composition of young, vague, wandering figures in splendidly-classic shades.

VI.

I make that point, for what it is worth, only to remind myself of another occasion on which the romantic note sounded for me with the last intensity, and yet on which the picture swarmed with accents—as, absent or present, I must again call them—that contributed alike to its interest and to its dignity. The proof was complete, on this second Sunday, with the glow of early summer already in possession, that affirmed detail was not always affirmed infelicity—since the scene here bristled with detail (and detail of the importance that frankly *constitutes* accent) only to the enhancement of its charm. It was a matter once more of hanging over the Hudson on the side opposite West Point, but further down; the situation was founded, as at West Point, on the presence of the great stream and on the consequent general lift of foreground and distance alike, and yet infinitely sweet was the perception that style, in such conditions and for the success of such effects, had not really to depend on mere kind vaguenesses, on any anxious deprecation of distinctness. There was no vagueness now; a wealth of distinctness, in the splendid light, met the eyes—but with the very result of showing them how happily it could play. What it came back to was that the accents, in the delightful old pillared and porticoed house that crowned the cliff and commanded the stream were as right as they were numerous; so that there immediately followed again on this observation a lively recognition of the ground of the right-ness. To wonder what this was could be but to see, straight-

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way, that, though many reasons had worked together for them, mere time had done more than all, that beneficence of time enjoying in general, in the United States, so little even of the chance that so admirably justifies itself, for the most part, when interference happens to have spared it. Cases of this rare mercy yet exist, as I have occasion to note, and their consequent appeal to the touched sense within us comes, as I have also hinted, with a force out of all proportion, comes with a kind of accepted insolence of authority. The things that have lasted, in short, whatever they may be, "succeed" as no newness, try as it will, succeeds, inasmuch as their success is a produced interest.

There we catch the golden truth which so much of the American world strikes us as positively organized to gainsay, the truth that production takes time, and that the production of interest, in particular, takes *most* time. Desperate again and again the ingenuity of the offered, the obtruded substitute, and pathetic in many a case its confessed failure; this remark being meanwhile relevant to the fact that my charming old historic house of the golden Sunday put me off, among its great trees, its goodly gardens, its acquired signs and gathered memories, with no substitute whatever, even the most specious, but just paid cash down, so to speak, ripe ringing gold, over the counter; for all the attention it invited. It had character, as one might say, and character is scarce less precious on the part of the homes of men in a raw medium than on the part of responsible persons at a difficult crisis. This virtue was there within and without and on every face; but perhaps nowhere so present, I thought, as in the ideal refuge for summer days formed by the wide north porch, if porch that disposition may be called—happiest disposition of the old American countryhouse—which sets tall columns in a row under a pediment suitably severe, to present them as the "making" of a high, deep gallery. I know not what dignity of old afternoons suffused, with what languor, seems to me always, under the murmur of American trees and by the lap of American streams, to abide in these mild shades; there are combinations with depths of congruity beyond the plummet, it would seem, even of the most restless of analysts, and rather than try to say why my whole impression here melted into the general iridescence of a past of Indian summers hanging about mild ghosts half asleep, in hammocks, over still milder novels, I would renounce alto-

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gether the art of refining. For the iridescence consists, in this connection, of a shimmer of association that still more refuses to be reduced to terms; some sense of legend, of aboriginal mystery, with a still earlier past for its dim background and the insistent idea of the River as above all romantic for its warrant. Helplessly analyzed, perhaps, this amounts to no more than the very childish experience of a galleried house or two round about which the views and the trees and the peaches and the pony seemed prodigious, and to the remembrance of which the wonder of Rip Van Winkle and that of the "Hudson River School" of landscape art were, a little later on, to contribute their glamour.

If Rip Van Winkle had been really at the bottom of it all, nothing could have furthered the whole case more, on the occasion I speak of, than the happy nearness of the home of Washington Irving, the impression of which I was thus able, in the course of an hour, to work in—with the effect of intensifying more than I can say the old-time charm and the general legendary fusion. These are beautiful, delicate, modest matters, and how can one touch them with a light enough hand? how can I give the comparatively coarse reasons for my finding at Sunnyside, which contrives, by some grace of its own, to be at once all ensconced and embowered in relation to the world and all frank and uplifted in relation to the River, a perfect treasure of mild moralities? The highway, the old State road to Albany, bristling now with the cloud-compelling motor, passes at the head of a deep, long lane, winding, embanked, overarched, such an old-world lane as one scarce ever meets in America; but if you embrace this chance to plunge away to the left you come out, for your reward, into the quite indefinable air of the little American literary past. The place is inevitably, to-day, but a qualified Sleepy Hollow—the Sleepy Hollow of the author's charming imagination was, as I take it, off somewhere in the hills, or in some dreamland of old autumns, happily unprofanable now; for "modernity," with its terrible power of working its will, of abounding in its sense, of gilding its toy, modernity, with its pockets full of money and its conscience full of virtue, its heart really full of tenderness, has seated itself there under pretext of guarding the shrine. What has happened, in a word, is very much what has happened in the case of other shy retreats of anchorites doomed to celebrity—the primitive cell has seen itself encompassed, in

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time, by a temple of many chambers, all dedicated to the history of the hermit. The cell is still there at Sunnyside, and there is even yet so much charm that one doesn't attempt to say where the parts of it, all kept together in a rich conciliatory way, begin or end—though, indeed, I hasten to add, the identity of the original modest house, the shrine within the gilded shell, has been religiously preserved.

One has, in fact, I think, no quarrel whatever with the amplified state of the place, for it is the manner and the effect of this amplification that enable us to read into the scene its very most interesting message. The "little" American literary past, I just now said—using that word (whatever the real size of the subject) because the caressing diminutive, at Sunnyside, is what rises of itself to the lips; the small uncommodious study, the limited library, the "dear" old portrait-prints of the first half of the century—very dear to-day when properly signed and properly sallow; these things, with the beauty of the site, with the sense that the man of letters of the unimproved age, the age of processes still comparatively slow, could have wanted no deeper, softer dell for mulling material over, represent the conditions that encounter now on the spot the sharp reflection of our own increase of arrangement and loss of leisure. This is the admirable interest of the exhibition of which Wolfert's Roost had been, a hundred years before the date of Irving's purchase, the rudimentary principle—that it throws the facts of our earlier "intellectual activity" into a vague golden perspective, a haze as of some unbroken spell of the same Indian summer I a moment ago had occasion to help myself out with; a fond appearance than which nothing could minister more to envy. If we envy the spinners of prose and tellers of tales to whom our American air anciently either administered or refused sustenance, this is all, and quite the best thing, it would seem, that we need do for them: it exhausts, or rather it forestalls, the futilities of discrimination. Strictly critical, mooning about Wolfert's Roost of a summer Sunday, I defy even the hungriest of analysts to be: his predecessors, the whole connected company, profit so there, to his rueful vision, by the splendor of their possession of better conditions than his. It has taken *our* ugly era to thrust in the railroad at the foot of the slope, among the masking trees; the railroad that is part, exactly, of the pomp and circumstance, the

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quickened pace, the heightened fever, the narrowed margin expressed within the very frame of the present picture, as I say, and all in the perfect good faith of collateral piety. I had hoped not to have to name the railroad—it seems so to give away my case. There was no railroad, however, till long after Irving's settlement—he survived the railroad but by a few years, and my case is simply that, disengaging *his* Sunnyside from its beautiful extensions and arriving thus at the sense of his easy elements, easy for everything but rushing about and being rushed at, the sense of his "command" of the admirable river and the admirable country, his command of all the mildness of his life, of his pleasant powers and his ample hours, of his friends and his contemporaries and his fame and his honor and his temper and, above all, of his delightful fund of reminiscence and material, I seemed to hear, in the summer sounds and in the very urbanity of my entertainers, the last faint echo of a felicity forever gone. That is the true voice of such places, and not the imputed challenge to the chronicler or the critic.

HENRY JAMES.

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THE POWERS IN ASIA.

BY HIS EXCELLENCY, LIEUTENANT-GENERAL VON ALTEN, OF THE GERMAN ARMY.

TWENTY years ago, when I reported to Field-Marshal Count Moltke on the progress of events in Central Asia, the great strategist shook his head thoughtfully, pointed with his finger to the map and said: "The Russians have not now much farther to go to reach India; the British must beware."

In obedience to British suggestions, the Ameer of Afghanistan had proposed to Russia, whom the subjection of Merv in 1884 had brought into dangerous proximity to his dominions, the establishment of a neutral zone between the two countries. But the Russian Commanders, dexterously exploiting a dispute with the natives, had thrown their troops forward and fought their way to Kushk, where they took formal possession of the territory in question.

In view of the seductive vicinity of Herat, with its thirty thousand inhabitants, a further extension of the Russian frontier appeared by no means improbable, for, despite the endless difficulties opposing the execution of military operations in those trackless, waterless steppes, which are inhabited solely by warlike nomadic tribes, despite the gigantic distances (the road from the Caspian to Kushk is 620 miles long), despite the toil and privation which the wretched garrisons must permanently endure, despite the wars which she had to wage in the Caucasus, in Turkey, and in the Crimea, Russia throughout the last century had advanced steadily towards Afghanistan and India.

About the year 1800, the wide lands between China and the Caspian Sea were inhabited by free tribes, who dwelt for the most part on the shores of the Aral Sea and on the banks of the Syr-Daria and of the Amu-Daria, the Jaxartes and the

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Oxus of the ancients. They were governed by their own Khans and Ameers, and had probably never heard of Europe or of the White Tsar in St. Petersburg. Barren steppes and melancholy deserts filled the vast expanse. The population lives from the proceeds gained by the breeding of sheep, horses and camels, which are driven from one grazing-ground to another. A few remnants of ancient civilization may be met with on the Persian frontier—in Bokhara, Khiva and Samarkand—where silk and cotton are cultivated and beautiful carpets and fine leather goods are manufactured. Things in the Russian Empire were of much the same description in the period to which we have referred. The sparse population suffered no lack of arable soil, and commerce and industry did not exist in forms which demanded the discovery of new markets or the utilization of foreign products. Yet this irresistible movement towards the extension of the frontiers! We cannot ascribe the movement to the arbitrary command of individual rulers; for it began under Catherine II, and has progressed until to-day quite independently of the personality of the various occupants of the throne. The so-called "testament" of Peter the Great pointed, it is true, in the first place, to the Bosporus; but only very gradually was ground gained in that direction. And, whenever Russian policy suffered a reverse on the Black Sea and the prize was snatched from its grasp, the movement in Central Asia was continued with renewed energy. Far as the way may seem, the eye of Russian statesmanship perceives at the end of it, where no European Power can interfere, the gleam of the open sea. And if the ocean cannot be reached through the Dardanelles, it may yet be found, after many struggles, at the mouths of the Indus. Simultaneously with the seizure and settlement of Siberia, Russia moved a step forward in Central Asia, occupying first of all, in the sixth decade of the nineteenth century, the stretches of land to the east and southeast of the Aral Sea. The territory of Tashkent became the Russian province of Turkestan, Bokhara was reduced to a vassal state. The Russians had arrived at the frontier of Afghanistan; they had enveloped Khiva and the land of the Turkomans between the Caspian and the Aral Seas. In 1873 Khiva bent to the yoke and became, like Bokhara, a Russian vassal state. Khokand, which lies between Tashkent and the Chinese frontier, was subjected in 1876 and, together

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with a strip of land which was torn from China, incorporated in the Russian Empire as the province of Ferghana. And when the Berlin Congress dispelled the Russian dream of a Balkan dominion, at the very moment when British influence was making rapid strides in Afghanistan, Tsar Alexander II despatched General Skobeleff to Central Asia. To the impetuous courage of that great general succumbed the last free tribes of the Turkomans between the Amu-Daria and the Persian frontier.

Since 1885 Afghanistan alone has separated Russia from India, and the rapid development of affairs justified Field-Marshal von Moltke, the far-seeing man, to whom it was my duty to set forth the details of the situation, in pronouncing the warning quoted above.

Moltke, however, did not mean that Russia, then but just arrived at the foot of the Asiatic mountains which divide her steppes from the ocean, would at once begin her advance over the passes of Hindu-Kush and of Kohi-Baba, the Parapomisus of olden days. He knew that years of preparation are required for such an undertaking, and that Russia must first accomplish the task of converting the tribes of Turkestan, whom the sword had subdued, into trustworthy members of the Empire. The Russian, fortunately for himself, is brilliantly qualified for the process of transforming the half-savage Asiatic natives on his borders into Russian subjects. In character he is akin to them. He makes no attempt to superimpose on them an alien civilization. He permits them to retain their customs and their religion, lives with them as one of themselves, and demands practically nothing more than recognition of the sovereignty of the Tsar and military obedience. And if, for the purpose of enforcing obedience, he occasionally strikes out with his knout or sword, that is merely what they have learned to expect from their former rulers. How completely the process of Russification was effected in the Caucasus, after the military resistance had been crushed, is a matter of common knowledge. The proud Circassian and Mingrelian chieftains are now Russian subjects. They serve in the Imperial Guards and command Russian regiments, and their sons are trained as members of the Corps of Pages at the Court of St. Petersburg. In Turkestan, the difficulties with which the Russian Government had to cope were far less than in the Caucasus; and to-day the whole of that extensive territory,

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which includes the vassal states of Khiva and Bokhara, may be regarded as loyal. Experience, however, had taught the Russians that it was impossible to operate with large masses of troops in regions at once so inhospitable, so arid and so scantily populated. Even the comparatively small forces with which Generals Kaufmann and Skobeleff had made their conquests necessitated a train of thousands of camels. Beasts of burden in sufficient numbers for a large army, which would be compelled to carry with it, not only ammunition and provisions, but also its own supply of water, simply could not be obtained; and, in view of the scarcity of water, not even the construction of roads could be deemed an adequate measure for overcoming the obstacles to an expedition on a grand scale. Only railways could help. This fact was no sooner appreciated than lines were constructed, regardless of cost and human labor. A considerable time has already elapsed since traffic was opened on the sections—both of which are over six hundred miles in length—from Krasnovodsk on the Caspian Sea, *viâ* Merv, to Kushk, which is in reality situated on Afghan soil, and from Merv, *viâ* Bokhara, to Andijan in the province of Ferghana, near the Chinese frontier, with a branch line to Tashkent. These railways open up the most important parts of the country and render possible the speedy concentration of all the garrisons at Merv and Kushk. The starting-point of the line on the Caspian does not, it is true, connect directly with the railway system of European Russia; the junction is effected by means of sea transport from Astrakhan and Baku, and entails much loss of time. In the summer of this year, however, the great work of establishing a through connection was at last accomplished by the completion of a line, which is some twelve hundred miles in length, from Orenburg to Tashkent. The Russians are also laboring industriously on the section from Samarkand to Amu-Daria, as well as on the bridge which is to span that river. Through Persia, tracings are further being made of lines which are designed to join with the Caucasian system, and to enable the Russians to dispense with the Caspian Sea as a means of transport, and to directly menace Seistan on the Afghan frontier. When the moment for action arrives, Russia, therefore, will be capable, is indeed already capable, of transporting her soldiers—in any numbers—in unbroken succession to Turkestan.

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The railways to Turkestan were built in the hope neither of gain, nor of creating a traffic that might ultimately repay the costs of construction. The funds were provided by the State and soldiers laid the lines, which are designed to subserve purely military ends. It is possible that the works would have been promoted still more rapidly, and have proved a source of anxiety to India and Great Britain long ago, if Russia during the past fifteen years had not been engaged in a grander project, the Siberian Railway, which was begun in 1892, and which it was hoped would lead the way to a warm-water port on the Pacific Ocean. The endless wastes of Siberia presented even greater obstacles than Central Asia to the engineer, but they are Russian territory and they end in a Russian harbor. No enemy, so it seemed, would be able to cry "Halt," when, the line to Vladivostok being completed, the time should arrive for crossing the Manchurian frontier, and for carving out of the impotent Chinese Empire the land required to reach an ice-free port.

That British statesmen would not welcome the Russian plan with enthusiasm was clear, for its goal was to found a predominant naval position on the Pacific Ocean. But the longing for expansion in St. Petersburg outweighed all objections. It was doubtless calculated that British resistance to the scheme would be relinquished, in the perception that its effect would be to deflect the Russian peril from India to the Far East. Moreover, when the railway had reached the Baikal Lake, Great Britain became involved in the South-African war. The world was seized with astonishment at the failure of Russia to exploit the opportunity for a forward move in Afghanistan. Dynastic influences were possibly responsible in part for this, though it is more than probable that the St. Petersburg Cabinet relied upon its peaceful attitude in Central Asia to win for it a free hand in the East. It is, at any rate, significant that, when Russia showed signs of a determination to sit down in Manchuria, the British Government, notwithstanding reiterated warnings in Parliament, deliberately shut their eyes to the omission of Russia to evacuate Chinese territory in accordance with her promise. True it is that the conclusion of the first Anglo-Japanese treaty falls within this period, and that Great Britain may, even then, have regarded that instrument as a means of circumventing the Russian plans.

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Russia, certainly, had never expected to encounter in the Far East any opponent other than Great Britain whom she would have to fear. Her error was pardonable; for, at the commencement of the nineties, the defenceless condition of China and Korea was notorious and little or nothing was known of the power of Japanese ambitions.

The Chino-Japanese War in 1894 and 1895, which suddenly revealed the existence of a Japanese army, organized and drilled on German principles and armed with breech-loaders and modern artillery, ought certainly to have opened the eyes of Russia; and there can be no doubt that the unexpected event did create an impression in St. Petersburg. But the situation was falsely gauged. The diplomatic success, embodied in the Peace of Shimonoseki, which deprived the Japanese of their booty, and the faint powers of resistance shown by the Chinese, lent to the Japanese victory an appearance of insignificance, and misled the Russians into underestimating their opponent.

This great and decisive error in the calculations of Russian diplomacy has been terribly punished. The Japanese, indefatigable in the pursuit of their goal, attacked the Russians at a moment when the Siberian Railway was still uncompleted and their maritime forces in a condition of inferiority; and, despite many mistakes on the part of their Generals, the armies of the Mikado gained a decisive victory. The Russian scheme to obtain a port on an open, ice-free sea has again been frustrated, and henceforth a Great Power stands as guardian before the doors of Manchuria.

In reviewing the newly created situation, it is of the first importance to observe the parts played by the United States and Great Britain at the conclusion of the war.

The powerful influence exercised by the Union is evident to all the world, and will inevitably augment the international prestige of the Republic. But for the representations so perseveringly addressed to both belligerents by America, it is probable that peace would not yet have been concluded. To all appearances President Roosevelt was inspired in part by noble motives of humanity; but his conduct was mainly determined by the interests of his country. And those interests have been materially furthered by the decisive word that America spoke. For the peace accords with the desires of commerce and industry;

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it opens doors that were closed during the war, and has already stirred into activity the commercial relations with China which had come to a standstill. But the reasons of the almost imperious attitude assumed by the United States are not exhausted by these considerations. President Roosevelt undoubtedly apprehended undesirable consequences to America from a continuation of the war. Would his fears have been realized, if the fortunes of the war could have been changed? Hardly. Russia's enterprise, even in that case, would not have been saved, for her fleet was destroyed. Within a reasonable time she could, in no circumstances, become a rival of the United States. Henceforth Japan is the only Power whose future influence on the Philippines can be a source of misgiving. A Russian victory might have reduced the Japanese conditions of peace to a more modest standard, and at the same time have created an equipoise of Russian and Japanese power, which could bring nothing but advantage to America.

But was there the slightest prospect of a Russian victory? The apprehension was only too well founded that a new, perhaps still more complete, victory on the part of Japan than Mukden would have increased the Japanese demands indefinitely, and rendered her for a long time to come undisputed Mistress of East Asia. It therefore seemed wise to utilize the opportunity of checking her course.

The policy of Great Britain in this affair is less transparent than that of America. It has been asserted, on many sides, that England promised herself greater benefits from a continuation of the war than from its termination. The sagacious statesmen of Downing Street must have perceived, just as clearly as those at Washington, that further Japanese victories were not required for the destruction of Russia's ambitions in East Asia; and they were doubtless convinced that a decisive change at the theatre of war in favor of Russia was quite improbable, that the destruction of the fleet was sufficient to remove forever the danger of Russian predominance in Asiatic waters. Japanese arms had accomplished everything that could have been hoped for in the interests of Great Britain from the war.

A further extension of Japanese power cannot be desired by the British Government. If, therefore, the wish existed in London that the war should be continued, it must have been due

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to the belief that Japan, far from achieving any further essential success, would be compelled by a prolongation of hostilities so to weaken her resources as to render her dependent, for a long time to come, on the friendship of Great Britain.

The goal of British and American policy, therefore, was identical; the difference of view apparently was concerned merely with the means by which it was to be attained. Perhaps the fulfilment of the alleged British wish would have exercised the stronger effect, though from the standpoint of Christianity and humanity it would have been regrettable.

It is, however, certain that Great Britain let fall no word or hint that Japan might have regarded as an encouragement to continue the war. A sound policy is conducted not by words but by deeds. With wise foresight, and before affairs in Manchuria had come to a conclusion, Great Britain signified to Japan her readiness to agree to the prolongation and extension of the Alliance, without of course assuming any fresh responsibilities in the existing war. It was conceivable that the benefits of the new Alliance, which places the future of Japan on a firm basis, might have stiffened the neck of the authorities in Tokio to such a degree as to render them deaf to the voices of President Roosevelt and of the Russian plenipotentiaries. In any case, the hand proffered in such circumstances ensures to the British the friendship of the Japanese people, a predominant influence in East-Asiatic affairs and rich profits of a material character. For Japan will very naturally apply in the first place to Great Britain for help in obtaining supplies of the money which she requires for the reestablishment and development of her finances; and it is from Great Britain that she will import those industrial products which she is herself unable to manufacture, and with which she is unable to dispense, for the renovation of her materials of warfare and the exploitation of her natural resources.

It is upon the Anglo-Japanese Alliance that the future of Asia now undoubtedly rests. The treaty ensures to Japan the results of her war with Russia, and enables her to look forward with confidence to a period of gratifying development. It also relieves Great Britain of her immediate anxiety for the safety of India.

What is the nature of the protection which the Japanese Treaty is capable of securing to India?

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We are aware of the persistence with which Russia, for more than a century, has pushed forward her frontiers in Central Asia, and we remember the warning uttered by Moltke. The work of the last twenty years has removed the obstacles which formerly prevented the concentration of a Russian army in Turkestan. In times of peace there are stationed there two army corps, the war strength of which amounts to about 70,000 men. A few months would now suffice to bring a vast army up to the Afghan frontier, and it would be scarcely surprising if Russia, seeing that the way to the Manchurian coast is effectively blocked, should now revive her old plans in Central Asia. For the moment, it is true, the internal troubles of the Empire render scarcely practicable the vigorous pursuit of the expansionist policy; but, in considering the great features of the world's history, we are not concerned with brief spans of time.

The statesmen of Great Britain, consequently, are fully justified in hastily making every possible preparation for the security of the Indian Empire. Lord Kitchener has reorganized the Anglo-Indian forces in a manner which, with the aid of the well-developed railway system, will guarantee the effective concentration of 140,000 trustworthy troops on the northwest frontier. Behind this army stands a small number of reserves, in addition to a sufficiency of formations to ensure in the judgment of experts the suppression of any native rising. The frontier passes are strongly fortified and they can be reinforced within four or five weeks. The British Premier declared, however, in his speech of May 11th in the House of Commons, that Lord Kitchener would require the support of eight British divisions (about 120,000 men) to enable him to repel every attack on India. After the experiences of South Africa and in view of the difficulty of recruiting the British army of mercenaries, in view also of the possibility that the whole or a part of the army would be required elsewhere or at home, Kitchener's demand was calculated to occasion deep anxiety in the hearts of his countrymen. From this burden Great Britain hopes to liberate herself by means of the alliance with Japan. The Japanese divisions could in fact be brought to the front with greater speed than the British troops from home, and long before the Russian columns could possibly complete their toilsome journey across Afghanistan. It almost seems, indeed, as if the Indian

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frontier is secured for an indefinite period against a Russian attack. But—and this is the *crux* of the situation—the danger does not exist in the form of an attack on India. At that same sitting of the House of Commons, Mr. Balfour further declared that any attempt on the part of Russia to extend her railway system into Afghan territory would necessarily be regarded as an act of hostility against Great Britain, as a blow intentionally directed against the British dominion in India. No British Government, he said, could tolerate the construction in times of peace of a railway in Afghanistan. The British Premier was right. For it is not the rapid belligerent advance of a Russian army that is to be feared; but the slow, continuous forward movement that would begin with the extension of the Russian railway to Herat. Now, Herat is barely forty miles from the Russian terminus at Kushk; and at Kushk rails and sleepers have lain in readiness for many years past. When, regardless of Mr. Balfour's threat, the first sleeper is fixed on Afghan soil, nothing will remain for Great Britain to do but to declare war. A blockade of the Russian ports would scarcely put a stop to the enterprise. A British offensive in Afghanistan could alone do that. Is the strength of Great Britain equal to such a task? It would be necessary for her troops to traverse more than three hundred and seventy miles—along the ancient caravan road which leads past Kandahar, or along the mountain foot-paths over Cabul through a barren, bleak country devoid of resources—in order to reach the Russian frontier. The hundreds of thousands of soldiers would be followed by a hundred thousand carriers and beasts of burden; and on the northern frontier of Afghanistan they would encounter the untired enemy, whose base would be supported by two railways, and whom, after a victorious battle, it would be impossible to pursue.

Is it probable that any considerable Japanese force will take part in such a campaign? Henceforth Japan has her own land frontier to protect. The enemy, against whom it is proposed to levy the Japanese auxiliaries, would certainly not hesitate to make his superiority felt at every point. Undoubtedly, he would concentrate a large army in Manchuria and on the Korean frontier. The Japanese are possessed of no superfluity of troops such as would enable them to conduct a campaign simultaneously in Eastern and Central Asia. They will therefore be concerned,

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first of all, to arm themselves against the danger which threatens their possessions in Korea and Liao-tung.

Melancholy prospects these, in sooth, for the armed assistance required by Great Britain from her yellow ally! On closer consideration it appears, indeed, that the British hope rests on no solid foundation, and that this point of the treaty is not invested with the great significance which the world was at first inclined to attribute to it.

The question may still be mooted why Russia should adhere so obstinately to the route over Afghanistan. Might she not reach the sea sooner along the shorter route to the Persian Gulf? Assuredly; but in front of the exit to the Indian Ocean would stand, as before the Dardanelles, an insuperable barrier in the shape of the British fleet. If, on the other hand, by gradually pushing forward her railway she could arrive at the coast of the Gulf of Oman, then her superior land power would control the situation. Anxiety for India would then compel Great Britain to tolerate the construction of a Russian naval base.

Russia's goal still lies in the far distance, and decades will possibly pass before it is attained. But Great Britain seems determined to prevent the first step towards it; and this is the reason why Kushk and Herat may be already said to constitute the focal-point of Asiatic affairs. For the idea that has recently been advanced—that Russia, whom Great Britain has treated with such hostility, may be turned from her goal by the renunciation on the part of that country of all opposition to the opening of the Dardanelles—does not appear to promise any tangible results. Great Britain can no more make a present of the Dardanelles than she could of Morocco. Russia would be obliged, in order to reach the Dardanelles, first to overcome the dominion of the Sultan; and she will presumably elect to follow up her chances in Central Asia rather than engage in a new war of conquest against Turkey. Neither diplomatic arts, money, threats, nor even the British army on the Indus can avert the fate of the Buffer State, Afghanistan, which civilized Great Britain would deprive of the blessings of roads and railways.

The ultimate victory is on the side of the spirit of progress, which, moving forth from the Russian steppes, is destined to bind Afghanistan, with girders of iron, irrevocably to the Empire of the Tsar.

VON ALTEN.

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A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE CONDITION OF THE JEWS IN PAST AND PRESENT.

BY ISIDORE SINGER.

In September, 1654, a party of twenty-three Jewish fugitives from Brazil arrived in the "Santa Catarina" at New Amsterdam, and formed there the first avowedly Jewish settlement within the limits of the present United States. In 1880, one year before the Russian Exodus, the city of New York possessed a Jewish population of not more than 60,000. To-day its Jewish inhabitants number about 750,000, this extraordinary increase disclosing the enormous influence of the anti-Jewish policy of the Government of the house of Romanoff upon the ethnical composition of the metropolis of the American continent, as well as upon the evolution of American Judaism and the ultimate destinies of the Jewish people in general; for there can be no doubt whatever that in the very near future the Russian Jew will assume the leadership of the Jewish commonwealth of the United States, while his German brother will have to be satisfied with a second place. Since American Jewry, representing as it does in its cosmopolitan composition the strongest elements of the ancient house of Israel, is bound to elaborate gradually a religious system of its own, both the lifeless Synagogue of Western Europe and the bulwarks of old-time orthodoxy in Russia, Galicia, and the Orient will alike have to yield sooner or later to the influence of the new-fashioned trans-Atlantic Judaism. The Russo-Japanese war, together with the recent revolutionary upheavals in the Russian Empire, have undoubtedly further contributed to a disintegration of the compact group of 5,189,401 (1897) Hebrews who are crowding the Pale of Settlement and the former kingdom of Poland, and sending out continually new types of pilgrim fathers in all directions.

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It will, therefore, be not uninstructive to present, as supplementary to Professor Abram Isaacs's article in the last issue of this REVIEW, a few salient facts about the past history and the present of the Jew in the different countries of the world.

I.

The post-Christian life of the Jewish people may conveniently be divided into four epochs.

(1) The first of these, with Babylonia as the spiritual and semipolitical centre, lasted from 70 to 711 A.D. — from the annihilation of the national Jewish independence to the invasion of Europe by the Arabs. While the bulk of the Jewish population was grouped around the Babylonian academies and their Princes of the Exile, a great many of them were scattered throughout Palestine, Egypt, Spain, Arabia and Southern France, with a few sporadic settlements in England, on the Rhine, Italy and the countries bordering on, as well as the islands in, the Mediterranean. In that happy period, the sons of Shem were able to follow almost every vocation, and their relations with their Gentile fellow citizens were on the whole cordial. The anti-Jewish legislation of this epoch bears in many respects a merely theoretical character. The principal literary achievements of the synagogue were the bulky volumes of the two Talmuds, the Palestinian and the Babylonian, which may be regarded as analogous to the patristic literature of the Church. While the latter, however, has become exclusively an object of study by a few hundreds of theologians and historians, the Talmud is still venerated by more than half of the Jewish population, scrupulously observing its religious and legal prescriptions.

(2) This happy epoch of 641 years was followed by one of almost equal duration and more than equal brilliancy, ending with the fateful triennium, 1348-1351, when the Asiatic pestilence, known as the Black Death, brought by sailors to Genoa from southeastern Russia, carried off nearly half the population of Europe. Although the Jews suffered as much as their Christian brothers, the absurd accusation was made, and found ready credence among the ignorant and superstitious masses, that the Jews had poisoned the public wells! Up to 1348, the Jews continued to enjoy liberty and prosperity; and the intellectual acme of the Jewish Diaspora was reached in Arabic Spain, whose great-

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est scholars and statesmen were recruited among the Hebrews. Flourishing Jewish communities were to be found in North Africa, Italy, France, Germany as far as the Elbe River, England, Poland and on the Black Sea, where the independent Jewish kingdom of the Chazars presented the semblance of a revival of the Jewish nationality.

(3) The 441 years from 1348 to the French Revolution (1789) may fitly be designated the Dark Ages of Jewish history. The Jews were considered and treated as foreigners, and even as enemies alike of the State and Church. Banished from country to country, from city to city, they were obliged to herd together in restricted quarters, and to wear a special dress as a sign of infamy. Their commercial and social ruin was, quite naturally, accompanied by a spiritual lethargy, which was only broken when, almost simultaneously with the walls of the Bastile, those of the Ghetti fell.

(4) The fourth period, that of the Jewish Renaissance, inaugurated by Moses Mendelssohn (1729-1786) and his disciples, brought, at least to the Jews of Central and Western Europe, the blessings of political emancipation and economic freedom. That they profited by both, being enabled to share, in almost every nook and corner of the inhabited globe, in the rights and duties of an enlightened citizenhood, will appear from the following résumé.

II.

The total number of Jews at the present day, according to the most reliable sources, is 11,118,224. Their number in Russia has been given above. The five other European countries possessing over 100,000 Jews each are: Austria-Hungary (1900: 2,076,277), Germany (1901: 586,948), Rumania (1899: 269,-015), Great Britain (250,000), and Holland (1899: 103,988). There are six countries of Europe with a Jewish population exceeding 10,000: namely, France (86,885), European Turkey including Constantinople (188,896), Italy (1901: 34,653), Bulgaria and East Rumelia (1900: 33,717), Switzerland (1900: 12,551) and Belgium (12,000). The remaining European countries have a total Jewish population of 39,793, Greece (8,350), and Cyprus with Malta (130), occupying the two extremes in this group.

The Jewish population of the United States amounts at pres-

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ent in round figures to 1,500,000, while Canada and British Columbia are rated at 30,000, the Argentine Republic at 30,000, Cuba at 4,000, Brazil at 3,000, Mexico at 1,000, Venezuela at 411 and Costa Rica at 43—the number for the entire American continent being 1,574,022.

Asia is inhabited by about 380,000 Jews, 89,612 of whom are still residing in the ancient home of their race, Palestine and Syria, while Persia, the land of the first historic anti-Semite, Haman, numbers 35,000; and Arabia, whose first Jewish settlements date back to the time of the destruction of the Second Temple, possesses 45,000. Probably few readers are aware that Siberia and India harbor 34,447 and 21,000 Jews, respectively, and that even China and Japan have 2,000 within their borders.

Africa has only 17,322 Jews less than Asia; Morocco heading the list with 150,000; Algiers coming next with (1900) about 50,000, while old Mizrayim (Egypt), with 21,800 descendants of its Hebrew slaves of 3,000 years ago, has been outnumbered to the extent of 8,000 by South Africa.

If, for the sake of completeness, the relatively insignificant Australasian item of 17,000 be included, we have before us all the present-day numerical statistics of that race whose first census was undertaken by divine command in the second year after they (the children of Israel) were come out of the land of Egypt: "And the Lord spake unto Moses in the wilderness of Sinai: Take ye the sum of all the congregation of the children of Israel after their families, by the house of their fathers, with the number of their names, every male by their polls" (Numbers I, 1-2).

III.

To present, even in the most rudimentary form, a systematic outline of the life-story of the entire household of Jacob would far exceed the limits of this article; it is therefore proposed to take merely a bird's-eye view of the less-known Jewries of the world, submitting only data based on reliable sources.

The cradle of American Judaism was *Brazil*. As early as 1548—*i. e.*, seventeen years after the first permanent Portuguese settlement in that country—a group of Jews, banished by the Inquisition of Portugal, landed there, almost immediately after their arrival introducing the sugar-cane, thus confirming anew the two historical facts that the American continent has been

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almost from its very discovery the refuge of victims of religious persecution, and that the Jewish settler always seeks to be useful to his adopted fatherland. Pernambuco having been captured by the Dutch in 1631, most of the Jews and Neo-Christians from Bahia and other Brazilian towns removed to that city, full religious liberty being offered there to all colonists. There remained, nevertheless, important Jewish settlements in Tamarico, Hamaraca, Rio de Janeiro and Parahiba. When Pernambuco was recaptured in 1654 by the Portuguese, it harbored a Jewish population of more than 5,000. Many of these removed to Surinam, where their descendants, together with new arrivals, still live to the number of 1,121, a group of 23 having sailed for New Amsterdam, as stated above, and the remainder to the various West-Indian Islands. To-day, the Jews of Brazil number about 3,000, but they have no congregation of importance; and, unless they are redeemed within the next decades by sincerely pious immigrants, it is more than probable that they will disappear among the Christian population, adding a new item to the list of 204,000 who left the ranks of Judaism during the nineteenth century.

The relations of the Jewish race with the "Queen of the Antilles" date from the very discovery of the island by Columbus in 1492; for not only did Luis de Santangel, Gabriel Sanchez and Juan Cabrero, all three of them of Jewish descent, urge upon Queen Isabella the importance of the plans of Columbus, and assist in securing funds for his first and second voyages, but at least five persons of Jewish blood accompanied the great discoverer upon his first voyage. Moreover, it was a Jew, Luis de Torres, who served as interpreter to the expedition, and who was the first European to tread the soil of America on the memorable October morning which opened a new chapter in the history of the world. The Spanish Inquisition, which flourished in Cuba up to the beginning of the nineteenth century, prevented the establishment of a Jewish settlement on the island. Prior to the Spanish-American War, there lived a number of Jewish merchants, most of them trading in tobacco, in Havana and a few other towns on the coast. Since then, the number of Jewish residents has increased and they now number about 1,000.

Jamaica, being a British island (since 1655) and under the lenient rule of a liberal government, naturally possessed at an

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early date a flourishing Jewish colony. The latter was considered by Oliver Cromwell as one of the most important factors in the establishment of his ambitious British colonial policy. After the Dutch capitulation of Pernambuco, in 1654, a number of Jews took refuge in Jamaica; and twenty-one years later, when the English, in their turn, had to abandon Surinam, some of the Jews of that colony emigrated to the same island. As early as 1831, Jamaica led the way for Great Britain and all its colonies in the abolition of the last traces of Jewish disabilities. The long list of Jews appointed since that date to civil and military offices in Jamaica served Sir Francis Goldsmid in 1838 as a strong argument in favor of Jewish emancipation in the Mother Country. In 1849, Dr. C. M. Morales, a Jew, was elected Speaker of the colonial assembly of Jamaica. The Spanish-Portuguese synagogue of Kingston, dating from 1750, was destroyed by fire in 1882, but rebuilt two years later. The English-German house of prayer, built in 1789, was replaced in 1837 by a new structure. In December, 1900, the two principal congregations of Kingston, in view of the decrease of the Jewish population, arranged to worship under one roof.

Crossing the Atlantic *en route* for the old Orient, where from time immemorial lived Shem in his own tents and in those of his brethren Ham and Japhet, let us linger awhile on the famous rock of Gibraltar, over whose summits in 711 the Saracen Tarik ben Zeyad introduced Arabian culture into Roman Spain, preparing for Israel a new home, the third centre of genuine Jewish culture, the first two having been Palestine itself and Babylonia. Jews appear to have settled in Gibraltar shortly after its occupation by the British in 1704; but, centuries before, it had already been a city of refuge for the Maranos or secret Jews of the Peninsula, and as early as 1473 a proposal was made to hand it over to them. The Jews of Gibraltar soon became the commercial intermediaries between their home and England on the one side, and Morocco on the other. In the early part of the nineteenth century, they often ransomed Jewish prisoners from the Dey of Algiers. The Jewish population, which was 1,533 in 1878, is now estimated at 9,400. The community has several synagogues and three schools.

An hour's ride by steamer from Gibraltar is the coast of Morocco, the old Roman province Mauritania Tingitana. According

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to old traditions still credited by the Berber Jews of the Atlas and Rif Mountains, and which have been supported by Hebrew inscriptions lately found in the province of Fez, this territory was settled by Jewish colonists during the reign of King Solomon. At the end of the seventh century, A.D., the Arabic conquerors in northwestern Africa were vehemently opposed by many powerful Berber tribes professing Judaism. Like Deborah of old, the Berber Jewess, Dahiyah Kahina, aroused her people to a last though fruitless resistance to the Arab general, Hasan ibn Numan; and she herself (703) died the death of a heroine. Her descendants and those of her contemporaries, in spite of the liberal Imperial decrees of 1864 and 1880, are forced to live in special quarters, called "Mellahs," and they enjoy neither social nor civil equality. Only those who are placed under the protection of European Governments are granted the most elementary rights as men and citizens.

Traversing the Sahara and the Sudan, we reach that beautiful and mysterious Switzerland of the African continent, Abyssinia, among whose Jews, known as "Falashas," a tradition similar to that of their Moroccan coreligionists is preserved. According to this, their ancestors left Jerusalem in the retinue of Menelek, son of King Solomon and the Queen of Sheba. But the French Orientalist, Joseph Halévy, who visited the Falashas in 1868, thinks that the elements among them of Hebrew origin are the descendants of the Himyarites captured in Ethiopia by King Kaleb, conqueror of the Jewish king of Yemen. The Jews of Abyssinia are generally darker and more corpulent than the Amharas, from whom they are further distinguished by shorter and often curly hair and smaller eyes. Externally, they live the same life and speak the same languages as the other subjects of the Ethiopian ruler. The Roman toga is their gala-dress; during work they wear short trousers or a waist-cloth descending to the knees. For out-of-door wear, the women put on a simple long linen garment edged with different colors. Laymen have no head-dress, shaving usually their head, while their Kohanim (rabbis and ritual slaughterers) wear turbans like the Christian priests. The woman is the equal of the man. The children are instructed in reading the Bible (especially the Psalter), in sacred history, and in the recital of prayers. Their religion is pure Mosaism based upon the Ethiopian version of

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the Pentateuch, whose original language is as absolutely unknown to them as the Talmud and the later Rabbinic literature, although there are a few points in contact between Falasha on the one hand and Rabbinic, Karaite and Samaritan observances on the other. They keep the Sabbath (called by them "Sanbat Kadmaï") religiously, neither lighting a fire nor crossing a river on that day. They believe Sanbat to be an angel who will guide them back to Jerusalem on the arrival of the Messiah.

Through the Bab-el-Mandeb we now pass on to Bokhara, the capital of the Khanate of the same name. Here again tradition takes us back to Biblical times, the Jewish inhabitants claiming to be the descendants of the Ten Tribes, and identifying the Biblical "Habor" (II Kings xvii, 6) with the name Bokhara. No authentic account of Bokhara Jews has been preserved previous to Yusuf Yehudi, the poet (died 1755), whose Persian poem on the Seven Martyrs, based upon the second book of Maccabees, is still popular among them. The first European to visit this distant branch of the tribe of Judah was the Jewish convert and missionary Joseph Wolff, according to whom the Jews of Bokhara numbered, about sixty years ago, 10,000 souls, mostly dyers and silk merchants. They wore fur caps of a prescribed shape, and girded themselves with a rope in order to be distinguished from the Mohammedan Tatars. Strange to say, the Russian occupation of Bokhara in the sixties brought comparative freedom to its Jews, who until 1863, when the country was opened up to Europeans, had been treated by their Emirs like pariahs. Lord Curzon, the late Viceroy of India, who visited Bokhara in 1888, pays, in his "Russia in Central Asia," a graceful tribute to the physical beauty of the Jews of this country. In 1893, the Jews of Bokhara founded at Jerusalem a settlement now possessing nearly 200 houses, two synagogues, and two schools, which has developed into a kind of intellectual centre for the Jewish population at home, numbering at present about 20,000.

Let us now cross the Pamir Plateau and penetrate one of the oldest seats of human culture, the immense and mysterious complex of countries, races and sects, called India, whose Imperial crown was laid twenty-eight years ago at the feet of Queen Victoria by her Jewish Prime Minister, Benjamin Disraeli. Neither Lord Minto nor any of his successors in the Viceregal

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palace at Calcutta, at least in the course of the twentieth century, will have to issue an anti-Alien Law as far as Jewish immigration is concerned; for, according to the census of 1901, not more than 21,000 Hebrews were to be found among a population of 280,000,000. Without pretending that the genealogy of the first ancestors of this small Jewish colony can be authentically traced back to the sailors of the navies of Kings Hiram and Solomon, who "brought gold and silver, ivory, and apes and peacocks" (I Kings x, 22) to Palestine, we may point out the relative antiquity of some of the settlements of the Beni Israel on Indian soil. The Jews of India are divided into two groups, the White and Black; the former including the so-called "Jerusalem Jews" of Cochin, who claim that their ancestors arrived on the coast of Malabar soon after the destruction of the Temple, while the Black are converts of the Hindu tribes, or the offspring of marriages between Jews and natives. The famous Jewish traveller, Benjamin of Tudela, whose journey was undertaken between 1160 and 1174, describes the Black Jews, of whom he found about 1,000 families, as "honest people, strictly following the law of Moses and studying zealously the Talmud." In 1523, the Mohammedans drove the Jews, after killing many and destroying their synagogues, from Crangamore, whose site is even to this day avoided by the Beni Israel. David Sassoon became in the middle of the nineteenth century the Mayer Amshel Rothschild of India; and nearly all of the Jews of Bombay were then dependent upon his family for their livelihood. This interesting Asiatic group of Hebrews, speaking Mahratti, Malayalam, Arabic and Persian, has been recently augmented by immigrants from Austria, Germany and Rumania, who have introduced the German rite into their synagogues.

Strange as the history of the Jewish settlements in Abyssinia, Bokhara and India may appear, that of the Jewish colony in China is still more romantic. Until quite recently hardly one in 10,000 educated Jews had the slightest notion of its very existence. The Jews of the Celestial Empire, called by the Chinese "*Tiao Kiu Kiao*" ("the sect which extracts the sinews," after Gen. xxxii, 32), trace their first immigration back to the Han dynasty, or, more exactly, to the reign of Hang Ming-ti (58-76 A.D.). Only a few isolated facts are known concerning their history during the Middle Ages. In 884, they, to-

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gether with Mohammedans, Christians and Persians, were implicated in the revolt of Baichu; it is further probable that, between 960 and 1126, a new Jewish colony came to China by sea from India. Marco Polo refers to the powerful political and commercial influence of the Jews in China in 1286. In 1354, on account of several insurrections, Jews were invited to the capital to join the army. Throughout the Middle Ages, the European Jews had no knowledge of the existence of Jews in China. It was through Catholic missionaries, in the seventeenth century, that the existence of a Jewish community of from 5,000 to 6,000 members in Kai-Fung-Fu and other cities of China was made known. The inscriptions in Chinese found on the marble tablets of the ancient synagogue of Kai-Fung-Fu, and dated 1489, 1512 and 1663, respectively, throw unexpected light upon this hitherto entirely unknown chapter of Jewish history. The episode, at the beginning of the seventeenth century, of the Jesuit priest, Father Matteo Ricci, and the young Chinese Jew who, seeing at the mission the portrait of the Virgin with the infant Jesus, believed it to be Rebekah with Esau or Jacob, is certainly one of the most interesting in the religious history of mankind. In 1760, Isaac Nieto, rabbi of London, addressed a Hebrew letter to the Jews of China, asking for information concerning their origin and present condition. Their answer, written in Chinese and Hebrew, has unfortunately not been preserved. A letter which James Finn, British consul at Jerusalem, received in 1870 disclosed the utter destitution and religious decay of the few Chinese remnants of the house of Israel. Former attempts (1852, 1864) on the part of the Jews of England and of the United States to offer a helping hand to their far-off coreligionists failed, owing to the T'ai P'ing Rebellion, the Civil War and other causes. In 1900, the community of Kai-Fung-Fu numbered 140 souls, without a leader, a synagogue or a regular school system. It is to be hoped that the Society for the Rescue of the Chinese Jews will succeed in bringing order out of the Judeo-Chinese chaos.

In 1894, Messrs. R. H. Goldenberg and S. D. Lessner built a synagogue and established a Jewish cemetery in Nagasaki, probably the first institutions of the kind in Japan. Mr. Goldenberg married a Japanese widow, who, together with her two sons and one daughter, embraced Judaism. Nagasaki numbers about 100 Jews in a total population of 107,422.

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The Hawaiian islands possess 100 Jews among 154,000 natives, Japanese and other ethnic elements. The first Jew who visited Honolulu was A. S. Grinbaum, who went there in 1856 and, a few years later, founded the firm bearing his name. In 1901, the first Jewish congregation was founded and a cemetery was consecrated in the following year. A scroll of the Law, said to be of ancient origin and which was owned by King Kalakaua, is used in the services on holidays.

IV.

Returning to the American continent, a word or two may be said of the State of California, whose Jewish settlement asserted itself for the first time as such on the Day of Atonement in the year 1849, when divine services were held on the present site of San Francisco in a tent owned by Louis Franklin, and were attended by less than ten persons. In spite of the distance between the Golden Gate in the Far West and Ellis Island, the great Eastern Gate of Hope of the New World, this little gathering grew within half a century (1901) to 17,500. At the beginning of the fifties, the founders of the great banking firms of Lazard Frères and J. and W. Seligman went peddling their modest stocks of dry-goods on the very spot where, a few decades later, a treasurer of the University of California, a regent of Stanford University, judges and Congressmen, university professors, sculptors, musicians, bankers and mine-owners, could of themselves have made up a little Jewish community of whose importance Louis Franklin certainly never dreamed.

In view of the rapid development of this and of a number of other Jewish settlements in America, many minds, generally unprejudiced against foreign races and religions, may be disposed seriously to raise the question whether there is really a danger of the Rocky Mountains and the Adirondacks being transformed some day into so many Mount Zions of the tribe of Judah, and whether the time is not near when Israel will be the lord of the treasures not only of this continent but of all others. To set at rest such fears we need only glance at the real economic state of the Jewish people, which is as a whole the poorest conglomeration of human beings on the earth.

In 1871, the percentage of Jewish poor in Budapest, Hungary, was 24.2, about the same as in London, where in 1883 no less than

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11,099 out of 47,000, or 23 per cent., accepted some form of charity from the remainder of their coreligionists. In 1869, of the Jewish population of Vienna, 43 per cent. lived in two rooms or less. In 1900, there were 12,500 poor in Amsterdam, 846 in The Hague, 1,750 in Rotterdam, 663 in Groningen and 349 in Arnheim, or 16,108 in a total Jewish population of these cities amounting to 72,378, that is, 22 per cent.—and this in Holland, one of the richest countries of the world. In 1898, the Jewish Colonization Association inquired into the social condition of 709,248 Jewish families in Russia. Not less than 132,855 of them were so poor as to be obliged to apply for gratuitous azymes during the Passover festival, and 27.9 per cent. had to be classed among the dependent poor. In 1899, in Odessa, 1,880 Jewish funerals in 2,980 were free; in the same town, in 1902, no less than 48,500 out of 150,000—32.36 per cent.—of the Jewish population had to appeal for coal in the winter. Still greater is the misery among the 880,183 Jews of Galicia, Austria, the majority of whom do not know in the morning whether their families will have even the scantiest meal at noon. The daily food of the better-situated classes there consists of potatoes, dry bread and a herring; two families with from one to five children each have very often to live in one little room without furniture, being forced to sleep on the damp floor. The average weekly income per family is five gulden, equal to two and a half dollars.

These few items show that the economic status of the Jews is worse than their political position; for, while 41.6 per cent. of the total Jewish population of the globe—*i. e.*, the 4,400,000 Jews living in Austria-Hungary, Germany, Belgium, Denmark, France, Great Britain and its colonies, Italy, Switzerland and the United States—are treated, at least officially, by their respective Governments upon a footing of equality with their non-Jewish fellow citizens, hardly 10 per cent. of the Jews can be classed among the well-to-do, while nearly 30 per cent. have to be counted among the poor. In spite, however, of their extreme poverty, nowhere do the Gentiles have the Jews on their pauper-list; for it is a point of honor for the 10 per cent. of well-to-do Hebrews to give willingly of their abundance to the 30 per cent. of their unfortunate brethren. The history of the Jewish philanthropic institutions throughout the world is, indeed, one of the most brilliant chapters in the annals of Judaism. ISIDORE SINGER.

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THE ENGLISH WOMEN-HUMORISTS.

BY ALICE MEYNELL.

THE legitimate kingdoms of comedy are three: humor, wit and derision. And, if English letters have been great in all the three, they have been conspicuous in humor and in derision; in good understanding and in burlesque; in the candid and in the ironic laugh; in the kind and the unkindest mirth. Humor and derision, for all their differences, have this in common—they make mirth of abnormal characters in man or woman; of the comic misadventure, the grimace of nature, or the whim of fortune. There is a popular phrase, "making game." Humor and derision both make game, and make it of persons; while wit is rather amused with ideas and language. Humor is essentially human, and the well-known whimsical history of the word shows it. Every man's "humor" was the prevalent fluid of what we now call his temperament—whether blood, or lymph, or bile, and so forth, according to the ancient physiology. His humor then is the name of his prevalent character. Next, to perceive this, to watch it, to laugh at it, took the name of humor. The transfer of the word—the act of transfer—may be caught in Ben Jonson. Social man is, in the modern phrase, "humorous"; the inflections and infractions, by others, of his social laws and by-laws (and he to look on) are the matter of his humor, his laugh—the somewhat overurged laugh of Dickens, or the slender derisive laugh of Jane Austen; for derision, too, is personal, and perhaps the most personal of the shapes of comedy. Humor and derision watch the person, face to face or askance. Wit may stroll alone, in the light of its own smiles.

In this personal and social character of derisive comedy are we to find an explanation of the truth that the comedy of women in literature is for the most part derisive? Humor is social, de-

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rision is yet more social. It is social and yet exclusive. It draws close the bonds of civilization, in order the better to reach the victims of its mirthful scorn, the better to see them and to point at them the comic finger. A writer like Miss Austen, for example, who is herself tethered, has her Mrs. Bennet, her Mr. Collins, her Mrs. Elton, her Mary Musgrove, tied with the strings of custom; they are not to escape into any possible solitudes; they are absurd in the eyes of the county and the village. They are displayed within an intelligent ring giving voice to the delicate laughter of her readers. And, partly, nature made them ridiculous, but, partly also, the customs of the world, of which they were ignorant, or negligent, or imperceptive. Mrs. Bennet was not only, generally speaking, "a woman of mean understanding"; she was unable to grasp the nature of an entail. She was incapable of understanding her husband, and her husband was a man of the modern civilization of his day. He was a man with a certain property, who sat in his study, and there kept his irony dry. And an entail is a characteristic detail of social life. By the way, no better instances could be sought of humor on the one hand and of derision on the other, than the cases of two women who do not understand their husbands: Mrs. Bennet in "Pride and Prejudice," and Mrs. Tulliver in "The Mill on the Floss." Miss Austen's study of her fool is that of a bright, despising eye, amused certainly and enjoying, but animated by derision unrelaxed. Miss Austen was well aware that she made her effects by small repeated strokes. In the case of Mrs. Bennet, the repetition is the fun. The tethered Mrs. Bennet—social fool—has, as it were, to abide the iteration. One reference to the misapprehended entail would be a little ludicrous, but Mrs. Bennet is heard to make many, and the reader always applauds with a cordial laugh. Mrs. Bennet's nerves reappear, with cumulative, with progressive, effect—she is odious. The author's exquisitely moderate art, which will not do things violently, does them often; and yet only often enough; neither here is there any excess. That fine art confronts Mrs. Bennet with her husband some three or four times in the story, but all-sufficiently. The insensitive woman has entertained the cheerful and grateful reader; and then Miss Austen brings her into the study of the ironic man, and she amuses *him*. The author of "Pride and Prejudice" disapproves of that position for a husband; she tells her reader so.

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None the less has she made of that household, and of the fool who is the wife in it, a masterpiece of derision.

George Eliot's fool is seen with other eyes. In the gradual history of Mrs. Tulliver's ill-luck, of the long blunder which is her whole relation—to husband, son, daughter and the unkind world—there is no phrase, no sentence, of derision. There is a vigilant, perceptive humor, with mirth in it, and with more wisdom. Of the three comedies—humor, ridicule and wit—the author of "The Mill on the Floss" takes two only—a rather sad humor, a perfectly exquisite wit. She says of her fool: "Mrs. Tulliver had lived thirteen years with her husband, yet she retained in all the freshness of her early married life a facility of saying those things which drove him in the opposite direction to the one she desired. Some minds are wonderful for keeping their bloom in this way." With the person of that fresh and tedious matron before our mind's eye, we have to applaud this keen phrase as a triumph of wit. George Eliot is, in fact, an exceedingly witty writer, a mistress of idea and language, as well as a human humorist. Of derision she is, I think, morally incapable.

The fact that her most humorous creatures are children is by itself a sign that she has no mockery. Children are not subjects of mockery; and yet who in the company of mankind is more humorous than a child? How distinct and different are the kingdoms of humor and derision, a child can show us. Who has derided a child? Literature does not recognize such an action. George Eliot, in whom nothing answers to the spur of the spirit of mockery, is able to banter a child. Few could use irony and yet take no kind of advantage of a child, as she does when she makes the little boy cry, and then repeat and improve upon his own lamentation. It is what children do. And the easy deliverance from the stress of emotion, even while the body is yet full of its manifestations, is so essentially childish that George Eliot found it also worth the notice of her attentive eyes. It is not observed in vain. At that little drama of childhood she sits a laughing spectator, charmed, not by something sentimental unlike the whimsical truth, but by the humor of the fact. If ever realism is thoroughly justified, by the way, it is in the art that deals with children; for they outstrip, or outflutter, or dodge, or evade our inventions, and all that we might have thought pretty, quaint or appropriate. They are unforeseen, and we are best occupied in

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keeping a mere lookout. Tottie and the boys in "Adam Bede," Tessa's children in "Romola," the little Harry Transome and Job Tudge in "Felix Holt," and, strangest and freshest, perhaps, of all, the Hebrew children in "Daniel Deronda"—these are humorous children, studied in their natural humor, and in the accidents of their conditions, the conventions of their incongruous setting. Men and women have unwittingly made their children absurd—chiefly by dress; and the absurdity has a peculiar edge, and is keen to touch a certain tenderness in us all—in George Eliot certainly, as when she shows us Job Tudge's little body "in a ragged jacket, with a tail about two inches deep sticking out above the funniest of corduroys." There is not much written of this dear child in "Felix Holt"; let us extract a precious page:

"'Here's Job Tudge now,' said Felix, turning the little one round on his knee, . . . 'this little fist, that looks like a puff-ball and can hide nothing bigger than a gooseberry, will get large and bony, and perhaps want to clutch more than its share; these wide blue eyes, that tell me more truth than Job knows, will narrow and narrow and try to hide the truth that Job would be the better for not knowing; this little negative nose will become long and self-asserting; and this little tongue—put out thy tongue, Job!'—Job, awestruck under this ceremony, put out a little red tongue very timidly—'this tongue, hardly bigger than a rose-leaf, will get large and thick, wag out of season, do mischief, brag and cant for gain or vanity, and cut as cruelly, for all its clumsiness, as if it were a sharp-edged blade. Big Job will perhaps be naughty.' As Felix, speaking with the loud emphatic distinctness habitual to him, brought out this terribly familiar word, Job's sense of mystification became too painful: he hung his lip and began to cry. 'See there,' said Mrs. Holt, 'you're frightening the innicent child with such talk—and it's enough to frighten them that thinks themselves the safest.'"

The townsman of Treby Magna clothes his boy in a coat with a little tail; Tessa the Tuscan swaddles her child; the one with a grotesque effect, the other with something less ironical, but still—custom, whether in Italy or the East, does not remove the impression—with an involuntary touch of fun. The children of the Jewish family—the Cohens, behind whose pawnbroker shop Deronda found his prophet—are little portraits that pricked George Eliot's sense of the incongruous, in such slender form and degree as suit the comedy of childhood. They are Jacob, Adelaide Rebekah and the baby. They are little Hebrews, and Cockneys.

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Their father is perfectly vulgar, and Oriental. The incongruity is ugly and strange. Deronda has to speak to Mordecai, and tells little Jacob that it is on a matter he cannot understand:

"'Can you say this?' said Jacob, immediately giving forth a string of his rote-learned Hebrew verses with a wonderful mixture of the throaty and the nasal, and nodding his small head at his hearer, with a sense of giving formidable evidence which might rather alter their mutual position. 'No, really,' said Deronda. 'I thought not,' said Jacob, performing a dance of triumph on his small scarlet legs, while he took various objects out of the deep pockets of his knickerbockers and returned them thither, as a slight hint of his resources; after which, running to the door of the workroom, he opened it wide, set his back against it, and said, 'Mordecai, here's the young swell,'—a copying of his father's phrase which seemed to him well fitted to cap the recitation of Hebrew."

This is truly a child, in spite of the adult commonness that colors his natural vanity, and George Eliot is never less than tender with her little Jew. But of the Tottie of "Adam Bede" her rich tenderness makes a comedy of delight. It is characteristic of this tenderness that she can trust herself with the comedy of old age, as well as the comedy of childhood. By the side of Job Tudge stands Mrs. Holt. She is a braggart, without malice, and a fool; but George Eliot tolerates her, and puts the little boy's hand into her protecting palm. She, again, is a woman who does not understand a man, as is Lispeth in "Adam Bede," and that man—by a common irony of child-bearing—her son.

Felix Holt will neither live nor let his mother live by the sale of a "cancer cure":

"'When everybody gets their due, and people's doings are spoke of on the house-tops . . . it'll be known what I've gone through with those medicines—the pounding, and the pouring, and the letting stand, and the weighing—up early and down late—there's nobody knows yet but One that's worthy to know; and the pasting o' the printed labels right side upwards.'"

Admirable is the little scene of Mrs. Holt's intrusion into the hall of the Transomes' house:

"Mrs. Holt's attention, having been directed to the squirrel which had scampered on to the head of the Silenus carrying the infant Bacchus, had been drawn to the tiny babe looked at with so much affection by the rather ugly and hairy gentleman, of whom she nevertheless spoke with reserve as of one who possibly belonged to the Transome family."

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The sweet mother in "Silas Marner" is also humorous; so is the old Florentine who lets Tessa's child go astray; so is she whose false braids are snatched for the bonfire by the young angels of Fra Girolamo's march against the vanities. But George Eliot does not deride even her; she gravely disapproves the braids, deprecates them, and with Romola's voice teaches the woman a better ideal of beauty. Humorous children, besides, make possible George Eliot's humorous dogs, and undoubtedly there is a natural joke in many a dog.

Was it a true saying (hazarded but now) that literature had not committed the baseness of deriding children, or of mocking them with the comedy of ridicule? In an early "Sketch," Dickens comes near it, and Thackeray has some odious children, in "Philip" and in "Lovel the Widower." They are little snobs, formed by their parents, but Thackeray makes them personally and individually detestable, braggart, pharisaic, vulgar, fatuous and worldly. And they are comic. I think no woman-humorist has such children in any book. Miss Austen does not banter any children, but she disapproves of a certain number, assigning, with great propriety, the responsibility for their troublesome characters to the mothers who "spoilt" them. It is all very seriously, though slightly, done, and therefore not within the present subject. Those were serious times; and Miss Ferrier is as inflexible as Miss Austen. Decidedly, Susan Ferrier should have her place among the humorists. This Scottish novelist of somewhat later date than Miss Austen wasted much of her powers in romance—the costume-romance of the day, in which the hero speaks "with increasing agitation." If any one reads her now, it is for her humor, which—albeit with a little rollick all her own—weakly resembles that of much finer authors; for, like Miss Austen, she works by the iteration of little touches. Obviously, this is the method that acts admirably when the absurdity of the character is a matter of repetition. What Miss Austen does in derision with Mrs. Bennet, Miss Ferrier does in good humor with her Miss Pratt. Miss Pratt talks about one Anthony Whyte. It is not in itself very humorous to tell anecdotes of an absent and unknown Anthony, whereas Miss Austen, with the woman who complains of the entail, and the woman who "explores" in her barouche-landau, starts with something perfectly comic. Thus there is no equality in the two humorists. But, such as it is,

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Miss Ferrier's comedy is well played. Custom never succeeds in preparing the reader for the freshness of irrelevancy of another and yet another anecdote of Anthony Whyte. You take the tediousness with progressive pleasure. He never appears in person, and his name ceases only with Miss Pratt. A dull Lord Rossville is not quite successful at the first description, but he shapes well in dialogue. "'Be composed,' repeated he again after a pause, his own composure becoming more and more heavy." "He was a stranger," says Miss Ferrier, "to *ennui*." Her derision is sometimes crude enough; but the following passage might have been written by Jane Austen:

"Miss St. Clair was engaged with her cousins, one of whom talked much of balls, and officers, and poetry; but as the children entered she sighed, and said there was an end to all rational conversation."

Then comes an older prattler:

"Poor Miss Mary, what a pretty creature she was once; but she has taken rather a religious turn now—to be sure, when people have lost the use of their legs, what can they do? I'm sure we ought to be thankful that we have all our faculties."

And there is some happy Scotch dialect; the good and serviceable female friend of a needy family speaks:

"Then the baby had a sad towt with its teeth; and the lass that takes care of the bairns she burnt her hand, and was not able to part them when they fought one another. I really thought Archie and Duncan would have raggit the very heads off one another, poor things."

Fanny Burney has no wit, and little humor, and her derision is no more than farcical. What is there, after all, in the comedy of her novels? Grant her that the Brangtons were the earliest of many families of vulgar relations that have put heroines to the blush in the novels of women. The modern Cockney seems to begin with one of the Brangtons in "Evelina." That family have a twang as it were before their time. For the rest of the humor Fanny Burney depends upon derision in its raw state. The elderly, the female, the fat, are upset at the wayside, nearly frightened to death, and held up, helpless, to the ferocity of farce. Besides, the derision is tedious. When Madame Duval has satisfied the horse-laugh, you are expected to have chuckles left for M. Dubois and the Captain. The little author seems to enjoy it, but her enjoyment is importunate. Here again is repetition—

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there would be no joke, or little, without it; but Miss Burney's touches, though small, though weak, are not delicate. Vivacious to boisterousness and always dull, little Burney, as a comic writer, deserves a thousand deaths.

We go back now, a generation, from the humorist to the wit. When the spiritual imagination of English literature fled away upon some wandering wind, at the dying of the seventeenth century, there had been hardly a sigh of premonition. It was away, as though the seventeen strokes of the century clock had rung a recognized and inevitable hour of farewell. The diction of the wintry age took deliberate voice as the century changed. The suns and moons of poets were gone, and in their stead we had, from 1700 onwards, "purity of style." Purity of style, like simplicity, is of two kinds—one negatively and one positively admirable. And even the negatively pure is not without its value. Turning with dismay from Steele's tragedy, we make haste to recommend purity of style to the men of the eighteenth century. For the small fancy and the little heart that are theirs can ill endure the liberty and also the responsibility of an unguarded language; they scold, and, with an outcry, mimic the passions of men, when they think themselves called to violence. Steele's tragedy is lamentable; Addison's "sublime" verse is lamentable; but they both had purity of style in the little things within their competence; and, in her place—which she, at any rate, never forsook—Lady Mary Wortley Montagu was Addisonian. It is not a little astonishing, with what small things we may learn to be not merely content, but happy, in the work of this English classic author. Even her wit—despoil it of its well-taught graces of restricted phrase, and of its own self-applause,—and is there anything left that would be worth turning in another manner? No other authors so persuade you, in good faith, to take them at their own valuing as do these men and women of the early eighteenth century. It is their peculiar pretension to do thus. Some writers have given their work to what judgment Heaven pleased; and others have pressed urgently to find a way to the reader's apprehension by any means, upon the reader's own terms. But in 1720, by mere confidence, they school us to their commonplace, in order to surprise us with their wit; and they succeed. Take, for example, Lady Mary's pleasantry in regard to the disputing ladies of Ratisbon society:

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"I know that my peaceable disposition gives me a very ill figure, and that 'tis *publicly* whispered as a piece of impertinent pride in me that I have hitherto been saucily civil to everybody, as if I thought nobody good enough to quarrel with."

How pretty is this, and how willing we are to take it, with the writer's classic fatuity, as something of the best kind of irony! We become simple (with a simplicity like that named by the rustic who calls the village idiot "simple"), our taste grows pure as blankness is pure, and we take Lady Mary's little delicacy upon our tongue not without sweetness. Again, in the letter from Vienna, which gives her London friend a report of the admiration offered on the Continent to beauties approaching the years of Helen or of Cleopatra:

"I don't know what your ladyship may think of this matter, but it is a considerable comfort to me to know there is upon earth such a paradise for old women, and I am content to be insignificant at present, in the design of returning when I am fit to appear nowhere else. I cannot help lamenting on this occasion the pitiful case of too many English ladies, long since retired to prudery and ratafia, whom if their stars had luckily conducted hither, would still shine in the first rank of beauties."

Any reader loving delicate prose, for its own sake, will make haste to forego his sense of intellectual comedy, and to protest that the matter here is worthy of the animated manner and of the classic grammar, for the grammar is elegantly correct. On the other hand, we are so sure that Lady Mary was incapable of great wit, that the splendor of the invective in some of the couplets on Pope startles us when they are printed as her work. Harvey was part author, however, and beyond question those couplets are his and not hers. Humor and wit apart, Lady Mary saw nothing in the East or the West that a woman of imagination would have seen. Who shall say that imagination had not forsaken the ways of literature? Lady Mary is on her road to Adrianople and, for nearly the first time, a "landskip" gets a phrase of commendation. The country, with its vines, was gay and flourishing in her eyes, but as a thoughtful traveller she adds:

"This climate, happy as it seems, can never be preferred to England, with all its frosts and snows, while we are blessed with an easy government, under a King who makes his own happiness consist in the liberty of his people, and chooses to be looked upon rather as their father than their master. The theme would carry me far."

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So would almost any platitude. Thus she hurries, from a scene in which the light and color must have been those of visions, to a George. The liveliness which is, in common report, but another name for Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, is at its best when the customs of a Court are to be described in their minor differences, but the liveliness at its best is paltry. Nor would it be possible to a richer nature or to richer eyes. In her travels she sets to work with a peculiar self-possession to describe the architecture of any building of splendor, and exercises her cold taste in the report, very much as Miss Austen, a century thereafter, was wont to cast a judicial eye upon the "disposition of wood and water" within the dominions of a landowner. Both have a kind of professional rapidity in appraising the matter, with the consciousness of correct views.

Jane Austen's views of family history are equally deliberate:

"The family of Dashwood had long been settled in Sussex. Their estate was large, and their residence was at Norland Park, in the centre of the property, where, for many generations, they had lived in so respectable a manner as to engage the general good opinion of their surrounding acquaintance."

How would a modern novelist who begins by an impressionary sentence, without a verb as like as not, endure to be compelled, by decorum, to go to work with such an initial sentence? He would never recover his "spirit." Miss Austen is quite sure of herself and of her reader. He consents to read her dull opening, and to endure the exceeding dowdiness of her unmusical words, because he knows that in the course of a page or two the Dashwoods will be deprived of some of the general good opinion of their surrounding acquaintance. Sport will be made of some of the Dashwoods, the author's derisive humor being equal to that of her kin, the earlier Philistines.

That Jane Austen works upon very small matters is hardly worth a complaint. Things are assuredly not trivial because they are small, but that which makes life, art, work trivial is triviality of relations.

Mankind lives by vital relations. With Miss Austen the relations of love, vengeance, devotion, duty, maternity, sacrifice, are trivial. There is also a perpetual relation of watchfulness, of prudence. As her persons watch one another, so does she watch them, mimicking. She realizes their colds (her female charac-

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ters easily take cold), so that one seems to hear her recording them in muffled accents—but not precisely because of her sympathy. Triviality of relations amongst her persons does not prevent a kind of intensity. Lying and spite amongst the women work at close quarters. With the men we hear of a somewhat wider range: there is, in the case of one justly rejected suitor, a suspicion, a rumor, of Sunday travelling; the accusation is not exactly brought home. But the touches of her art are not invariably small; they are trivial, but they are now and then as honestly exaggerated as those of the inferior humorists: for example, "Lady Middleton resigned herself with all the philosophy of a well-bred woman, contenting herself with merely giving her husband a gentle reprimand on the subject five or six times every day." But it is by her own reiteration that she produces a much finer effect with her Mr. Woodhouse, in whose eyes every woman having the good luck to marry out of his tedious house is a "poor dear." His compassion makes excellent sport by measure of cumulation. The author's patience and vigilance never suffer an opportunity to escape, where she might repeat the turn of his phrase, the tone of his words. And the whole would advance by slow degrees, and close in a little masterpiece, but for the pains the author takes to tell the reader that of which she is later to convince him. She informs him at the outset of what he would have perceived at the end. I know her art is called faultless; nevertheless, this is, I believe, a fault.

As to the triviality to which she dedicates that fine art, let no one who has not read "Pride and Prejudice" and "Emma" say that he knows worldliness in its own proper home. There, "engaging the general good opinion of their surrounding acquaintance" (a mouthful, this, of thick words), worldliness keeps its peculiar state. There is, in almost every second page of Miss Austen's works, a paltry thing called "consequence." No slang of our own time has ever misused a word more foolishly. To "consequence," and to the heroine's love of it, is sacrificed all that might have seemed the beginning of spirituality.

The mansion of "consequence" is a country house unmusically described:

"Cleveland was a spacious, modern-built house, situated on a sloping lawn. The pleasure-grounds were moderately extensive; and, like every other place of the same degree of importance, it had its open shrubbery,

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and closer wood walk; a road of smooth gravel winding round a plantation led to the front."

To the shrubbery—one can see the unlovable conifers—the heroines betook themselves in any "hurry of spirits" or other limited form of emotion. In and out of the modern-built house pottered the men, the men of so strange a sex. On the smooth gravel drove "consequence." Emma had the following hesitation about a youth she was inclined to admire (she was twenty-one):

"Of pride, indeed, there was perhaps scarcely enough; his indifference to a confusion of rank bordered too much on inelegance of mind. He could be no judge, however, of the evil he was holding cheap."

Of the irony of which I have said so much these are keen examples: "Who could tell"—Miss Austen is presenting to us the thoughts of Mrs. John Dashwood in regard to her unwelcome guests, her sisters-in-law—"that they might not expect to go out with her a second time? The power of disappointing them, it was true, must always be hers. But that was not enough." This describes the joys of a young woman, lately married: "They passed some months in great happiness at Dawlish; for she had many relations and old acquaintance to cut." And this phrase dismisses the inconstant Mr. Willoughby: "His wife was not always out of humor; and in his breed of horses and dogs, he found no inconsiderable degree of domestic felicity." She sharpens her pen to deal with a little girl of three. Children are no subject of hers as children; they are her subject as spoilt children, through whom the maternal fool inflicts annoyance upon women of sense. So near to the humanity, upon which her watch is kept, does she peer, but she finds no cause of tenderness.

It is, on the other hand, unthinkable that George Eliot should laugh at a hypocrite or banter a fool of any degree, even of those slight degrees that beset the daily life of social man. She is further removed than any of her race from the temper of our remoter fathers who found insanity, imbecility, humpbacks and lameness comic, and from that of our nearer ancestors who, with Dickens and Molière, found a jest in the hypocrite. The will and resolution of the hypocrite are tragic matter. His slighter acts may be matter of comedy, but the humorists did not stop at these. They plucked out the heart of his sinister mystery. For sooner or later they turned grave, and brought the pretender to chastisement, and cast a disquieting effect upon the laugh they had

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raised. Mr. Pecksniff's ways give us joyous amusement, so long as we are permitted to ignore the hypocrite's self-knowledge, resolution and will; but when the author turns vindictive, you remember your laughter with some dismay. You leave Dickens to do the final horsewhipping—it cannot right him or you. No, the hypocrite at whom you can laugh freely must be half-hearted. Or the author who presents him must know how to close the door leading to the outer darkness, so that he and his reader may make merry together within the comfortable limits of a convention. The egoist generally stands much apart from the hypocrite by reason of unconsciousness, and I think the humor, the derision and the wit of comedy may have their appropriate play with almost all degrees of egoism well on the hither side of Nietzsche.

Mrs. Trollope was held to be a leading humorist—"vulgar, but unquestionably humorous," the brief mention of her in the history of English fiction would generally aver. Her "Widow Barnaby" still knocks about the bookstalls in the commonest of cheap editions. Its whole motive is the derision of the grotesque figure of a widow overdressed. The author never tires of a detail in that image of a fool. But, with the very ferocity of burlesque, she makes it the image not merely of an egoist, but of a consciously cruel woman. With what heart does the author laugh open-mouthed at her widow's bonnets, ingeniously mismatch her colors, count her cheese-cakes, repeat her beer, do over again all those ignominious things that depend on their cumulative value for their effect, and yet make her tragically cruel? Nor does Mrs. Trollope defer the seriousness of the moral situation, as Dickens does more or less. At an early page, and long before that sedulous work upon the caps and colors, long before those scenes at the pastry-cook's and over the supper-tray—the assiduous burlesque whereby Mrs. Trollope adds, page by page, coats of paint to her Mrs. Barnaby—she brutally tells the schemings, the hate and revenge. She shows you a woman with the hope of a relative's death in her heart, and takes a humorist's joy in the woman's shopping. Nor is this done with the central or principal fool only. There is a Miss Betsy, somewhat more delicately formed than Mrs. Trollope's images are wont to be, a woman whose judicious charities are praised, and who befriends, rescues and enriches the lovely niece and victim of the widow. Of this woman we are told at the outset: "For years, Miss Betsy looked

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forward with hope for one of two desired events. That most coveted was the death of her sister-in-law." Mrs. Trollope was, perhaps, a humorist. But human humor has undergone some revision, and will undergo yet more. She is, let us allow, ingenious enough. "'I'm sure,'" says Mrs. Barnaby, "'I would no more let my poor dear sister's child go out with me if I was shabbily dressed than I would fly.'" So saying, she buys herself some new lace and gives the old crêpe to her niece. A little less, and this might be almost art. As it is, the modern reader is hardly indebted to "The Widow Barnaby" for a smile. The wretched widow's merited misfortunes grow tedious. She is not only jilted, in which derision finds its account; she is robbed, which is less grave, yet also less funny. The men who make love to her are not only fortune-hunters, but felons. Some of the early humorist's ferocity is proved here too. She is made to fall down a bank, with one of the felons, a "major," upon her. And some of Miss Austen's mundane temper dwells in this inferior author of a later generation. There is a middle-class security of exclusiveness, a grave integrity of worldliness, in the good people. The possession of money gives to Miss Betsy (the excellent woman who had for years wished for the birth of the child or the death of the mother) a final triumph over the poor wretch who had dressed beyond her income. Miss Betsy had been saving and hoarding while the widow had been falling a victim to imitation majors. Therefore, Miss Betsy is able to set up a sudden carriage, and there the story culminates. This book—cheapened on railway bookstalls, but virtually forgotten—has another rather interesting likeness; it is in touch with the picaresque novel. In the picaresque novel the hero goes to seek adventures. Thus does Mrs. Barnaby. The later hero and heroine sit among friends and find their fortunes on the spot; the older set forth and make it among strangers.

To go back again into the eighteenth century, let us ask what would befall if a manager of to-day should "revive" Elizabeth Inchbald's farce? It held the stage as late as the days of Dickens. "'Animal Magnetism' will go," he writes, "with a greater laugh than anything else . . . I have seen people laugh at the piece until they have hung over the front of the boxes like ripe fruit." As for her judgment: "Talking of vanity," said Byron nearly half a century earlier, "whose praise do I prefer? Why, Mrs.

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Inchbald's." This charming woman is incorrectly described by Colman as "solemnly dedicated to virtue and a garret." She was gayly dedicated to those things; she merrily suffered hunger and cried with cold in order to keep from a peevish sister all privation. She had great success, and celebrated one of her triumphs as a playwright by a game at blindman's buff with John Kemble. She spied a crowd waiting outside the theatre door; her diary says: "Dined, drank tea, and supped with Mrs. Whitfield. At dark she and I and her son William walked out. I rapped at doors in New Street and King Street, and ran away." In the "garret" she looked a great deal at herself in the glass, and noted with grief the wrinkles growing in the face she confessed to be "full of spirit and sweetness." She had no other trouble, she says, for some years. The "virtue," moreover, was as gay as the "garret." Her dress was seldom worth so much as eightpence, but always becoming, she says. She was very susceptible, and—what is not always the same thing—affectionate; and her heart was often touched; "Madam, would you have had me?" asked John Kemble, and she answered with her stammer, "Dear heart, I'd have j-j-jumped at you." In her novels she was on her best behavior; her heroines do not jump. If I dwell for a moment on her "Simple Story," it is rather for a demonstration of what a woman can do *without* humor, derision, or wit. This heroine, then—a fairly careful search has not made me acquainted with the maidenly secret of her Christian name. She is Miss Milner until she becomes Lady Elmwood, and then she reminds her husband of the time when she was his dear Miss Milner. There is also Lady Matilda, her daughter, whose title obliges the disclosure of her Christian name. She is greatly distressed at having been surprised into the confession of an attachment. "Could Lord Elmwood," she says, alluding to her father, "know for what he sent me?" "He did," replied the suitor; "I boldly told him of my presumptuous love, and he has given you alone the power over my happiness or misery. Oh, do not doom me to the latter." Lady Matilda does not doom him to the latter; but Mrs. Inchbald can hardly bring herself to say so. Romance apart, "the divine Elizabeth Inchbald" is so lighthearted a figure in literature that it might be necessary to make a fourth class of women-humorists for her sake, and to rank them, not threefold, but fourfold, for humor, derision, wit and gayety.

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Had Charlotte Brontë humor? Had Emily? The bitterness of derision Charlotte has, but not the hilarity; wit is not in her world; humor flutters for a moment in the flying vital figure of M. Paul in "Villette"; but there is neither humor nor derision in the Mrs. Yorke of "Shirley," nor anything that really reaches our sense of humor or derision in the Curates. Emily Brontë, in the old farm-servant of "Wuthering Heights," has a measure of humor, but she is never in quest of it.

And now, how little French literature—at which it is not within my present purpose to glance—would add to the sum of feminine comedy; or how far it would be from raising the wit, the humor or the derision of the comedy of women by a single degree, that reader might be slow to believe who cherishes the name of Frenchwoman as a proverb for articulate animation. Madame de Sévigné, the wit, has no linear posterity. And where are the mockers, where are the humorists? If they are to seek, many a Frenchwoman would yet be admitted into the fourth order—the order of gayety, with all its perils. And what are the perils of that irresponsible and hardly literary place? Why, the perils of dulness itself. For vivacity that is not vitality is the insignificance incident to women.

ALICE MEYNELL.

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DIFFICULTIES AND DANGERS OF GOVERNMENT RATE-MAKING.

BY ALBERT S. BOLLES, LECTURER ON COMMERCIAL LAW AND BANKING IN HAVERFORD COLLEGE.

No one will question the great part played by the railroads in the material development of the country. Without these agencies, transportation would have been limited to the slower methods of wagon and canal, and vast spaces which are to-day alive with human industry would still be in possession of bird and beast, the hunting-ground of the Indian.

Nor, again, will any one question that great evils have attended them. Personal greed, inexcusable inefficiency, unequal advantage, favoritism, too often have been the unexpected and unwelcome fruitage. Had these been private enterprises, their directors might have replied to all accusers: "The evils of which you complain are private matters, in which the injured only have any legitimate interest." Such an answer cannot be made by a railroad, because it is a public body, subject to public regulation and required to serve all on the same conditions. When, therefore, it departs from such a service, it violates its fundamental purpose, which it is the unquestioned duty of the State, if possible, to prevent. Consequently, in seeking to destroy rebate arrangements, smaller charges for long than for short hauls, and other manifest inequalities, the State is acting within its scope.

The Government, in attempting to correct these inequalities, has learned much, especially that rate-making is an exceedingly difficult problem. It is understood only by a few, even among the officials of a great transportation corporation; and the general public knows nothing save an occasional illustration. If many who are now so glibly advocating Government rate-making should read the testimony of Mr. Tuttle, President of the Boston and

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Maine Railroad, before the Senate Committee, they would be greatly surprised at the complexity of the problem, and they would doubt the practicability of the proposed national procedure. They would clearly see that any quick and short-cut method of establishing rates would, doubtless, result in creating far more difficulties than those now existing. Indeed, the only correct method, we maintain, is the one which the larger companies for years have been pursuing, of simplifying the problem by combining roads, of making agreements they are willing to observe—in short, of removing the inequalities, and thus of benefiting themselves and the public, for both alike are, in the long run, if not always, interested in establishing and maintaining uniform rates. In fact, the railroads have already accomplished enough to justify the Government in continuing its present policy of non-interference, with the rational expectation that, ultimately, the railroads will solve the problem themselves.

In the well-meaning attempt of the Government, through the Interstate Commerce Commission, to lessen the inequalities mentioned, it has seemed to some persons, notably to the President, that the quicker and easier method of procedure by the Government is to regulate the rates; but this conclusion is founded on an altogether erroneous conception of the problem.

While the Government is attempting to correct inequalities by eliminating rebates, requiring merchandise to be transported as quickly for one shipper as for another—in short, by eliminating every kind of favoritism—the Government has a clearly definite standard to apply to every case. If a railroad carries A's grain from Chicago to New York in three days and requires three weeks to carry B's, unless a satisfactory reason is given for the delay, the Government can establish a clear case and enforce a remedy. In like manner, if rebates are given and discovered, there is no question about the wrong, and the guilty can be punished. But to make and establish rates is an undertaking radically different from that of discovering the rates given to shippers.

If the Commission is to make and establish rates, the Government ought to furnish it with some guide or measure. To endow this body with supreme authority, to commit the worth and prosperity of our great transportation enterprises to the determination of a few men, is an exercise of power which no Government with a desire to govern rationally ought to put forth.

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At the outset, therefore, the Government should establish some kind of a standard. Suppose it should define a reasonable rate as one whereby a fair remuneration may be gained or expected on the capital invested; or, perhaps, a more concrete standard, that dividends should not exceed five, six, seven or other per cent. All, we think, will admit that investors ought to have fair return on their capital, save in some cases that will be hereafter considered. For, if they did not expect to receive such return, these enterprises would not have been undertaken.

What, then, is a fair return? The Government should answer this question for the Commission; or provide methods whereby that body could answer it. A very short penetration into this question reveals many difficulties in the way of finding the answer.

Let us assume that six per cent. would be an adequate return, and that this shall be the standard. An objector rises and says that half the capital invested is wind, and that by "capital" the Government meant money put into the enterprise by the stockholders. Suppose this to be admitted, and the Commission proceeds to find out and determinate the windy portion. The sum originally invested is easily ascertained, but that is only a part. Many of our railroads when first completed were in the crudest condition; more capital was added; for years no dividends were made and all the net earnings were employed to improve the road, stations, bridges, remove curves, lessen grades, acquire rolling-stock, and many other needful improvements. Surely all the money thus expended should be added to the capital in the Government's calculations.

Again, another railroad has made occasional dividends, one, two or three per cent., and all the rest of the earnings have been put into betterments. How much of the earnings in such a case may be properly added to the capital account? Consider the New York and Great Western. Organized a number of years ago, it has never yet declared a dividend on its common stock. It has been reorganized several times; numerous loans have been floated and turned into stock; preferred stock has been issued, also bogus stock; smaller lines have been bought and absorbed, sometimes at their cost, oftener at a much higher figure; every financial device conceivable has been practised by the company; and we question whether the most skilful expert could ascertain the amount of capital truly invested in that enterprise.

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Again, one railroad leases another and the accounts have become blended; improvements have been made on both and charged without respect to the specific things done; perhaps it has not earned the money paid to the lessors; perhaps there is a surplus. How is the capital account of the leased line to be ascertained?

Then, there is a large series of railroads presenting an entirely different question. For years they did not pay; but the present owners, or their immediate predecessors, having faith in them, bought the stock for much less than the original price. Ought they to receive more than a fair return on the price they paid; or ought they to be rewarded on the original basis? This was one of the great questions in funding the American revolutionary debt. Much of it was purchased at a low figure, when the outlook for its redemption was very dark, the buyers incurred a great risk, but the world is never lacking in such adventurers. There were then three opinions concerning its redemption; one, that the present owners ought to be simply reimbursed with interest and the original owners ought to have the balance; the second, that the present owners should be reimbursed with interest, which should complete the redemption; the third, that the present owners should be paid the full amount. Each proposition is plausible. What would the Government Commission do in the numerous railroad cases involving the same question?

This question has another side. In some cases, railroads have been bought and sold or leased for more than their worth. Directors have taken advantage of their positions to make an undue profit for themselves. At what figure ought the lines thus purchased or leased to be capitalized for the purpose above mentioned? What rules shall Congress establish to guide the Government Commission in such cases? Surely its members ought not to be left to their own devices to find their way through the dark path that directors have unwittingly laid out for them.

Let us take one more series of railroads which are weighted with leased lines that do not earn their rental. Perhaps the lease can be defended on the ground that otherwise it would have been a competitor, and that a still larger sum would have been lost through competition. The fact nevertheless exists, and the value of the stock of the lessee is thereby unfavorably affected. Many of our larger railroads have numerous leases effected for a great variety of reasons that need not be described. But they

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vitally affect the prosperity and value of the property of the lessees in many ways. How is the true capital of such a railroad corporation for the purpose above mentioned to be ascertained?

Before the Government, through a Commission, attempts to establish reasonable rates, it should establish these two preliminaries. And, if the Government is honest and has an adequate comprehension of the question, it will do these two things. By no less a power than the Government itself should the great principle of remuneration be established, whether a reasonable rate, or a maximum rate per cent.; and then, through a Commission or other body, it should proceed to determine what is the just capital of every corporation on which dividends should be paid. Furthermore, Congress should aid the Commission in this work by setting forth the principles whereby they should proceed in determining the true capital of every road.

Assuming that these things will be done, we now approach the question, What is a reasonable rate in a particular case? A copper-ore shipper on the Southern Pacific appears before the Commission and declares that he is charged twice as much for the same distance as a competitor who luckily is located on the Denver and Rio Grande or Northern Pacific. "Surely," he says, "this is unreasonable, especially as there is hardly anything left for me in the way of profit." The railroad replies: "I admit everything you say, except your inference that the rate is excessive. If you have made but very little from your venture, the same thing is true of ourselves; we have managed our enterprise as economically as possible, and yet have never made a dividend. How, then, can you say that the rate is unreasonable? Furthermore, if we had never built the road, you would not have mined a pound of copper; our venture has made yours possible."

What reply can the shipper make? It may be that the railroad has earned something besides running expenses and the interest on its obligations. But every dollar has been spent in improving the physical structure, and millions more have been borrowed for the same purpose. The object of this expenditure, of course, is to bring the road ultimately to a paying condition. Meanwhile, all kinds of traffic share in the benefits of the improvements.

Again, is the lowest rate always a fair standard for competitors? Generally the railroad that is in the most favorable condition to fix low rates is a bankrupt concern, in the possession of a receiver.

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If the receiver can make enough to pay running expenses, he can set the pace and keep it up until the end. He need not try to earn interest on the corporation's loans; as for the stockholders, they are entirely out of it. Such a railroad for many years was the New York and Erie; a menace to all solvent competitors, because it was insolvent and never expected to be any better.

The effect of a railroad's bankruptcy on its business future is just as different from that of a private individuals's bankruptcy on his business future as can be imagined. If an individual fails, the competition he had previously waged against others ceases. When a railroad fails it is in the best possible condition to compete and underbid all rivals.

When, therefore, a shipper has demanded a lower rate because it was given by some other company, the truth often has been, as could be clearly proved if space permitted, that the unreasonable rate was that given by the lower-rate road. It is true from the shipper's point of view that he will suffer if the inequality is not corrected; and, if the Government is to do anything in the way of making reasonable rates, it should go much further than is proposed and prevent the making of unreasonably low ones.

Unreasonably low rates are made under three ordinary conditions: by bankrupt railroads; by railroads possessing an inferior service, poorer cars, longer time, slower delivery or other inferiority to their competitors; by railroads under peculiar conditions whereby a heavy cut is temporarily made to punish a rival or gain some advantage. Without going too far it would be difficult to justify the acts of those who have declared such rates on any occasion. Shippers ought to be willing to pay a fair rate on their merchandise, for it is only a charge that they pass on to the consumers. Whatever wrong is done by the practice of things for which there is no defence, the wrong is slight compared with the excessive and disastrous competition between different companies, which, we repeat, the Government, if attempting to do anything in the way of making rates, should prevent. Surely, it is quite as clear a duty of the Government to make a reasonable rate that will secure a fair return to stockholders, and thus insure the solvency of their companies, as to insure the solvency and prosperity of their shippers. Both have equal rights in law.

Let us now turn to another class of railroads on which dividends are made, one, two, or three per cent.; or, perhaps, on their

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preferred stock and not on their common. Suppose the charge of unreasonable rate by such a railroad is presented to the Commission, would it contain any more truth than the charge first mentioned against the non-dividend-paying road? The stockholders are not adequately rewarded, and the management is economical. Can it be said that, in any of these cases, the rate is unreasonable? Of course, we are leaving out of consideration unequal rates.

For twenty years the railroads have been trying, by various arrangements, to make and maintain reasonable rates, but the Government has set its face like a flint against them for trying to do these things; and now it turns on them and says: "As you have not made and maintained reasonable rates between competing lines, we will do this for you." The Government proposes to do what the railroads would have accomplished long ago, had they not been deprived of their liberty of action.

Now let us turn to some of the larger railroads, like the Pennsylvania or New York Central, that render full compensation to their stockholders. All of them have numerous branches built with the view of extending their traffic, rendering their systems more complete and ultimately, if not immediately, becoming a source of profit. But in the beginning they do not pay.

Is the truth not evident that a higher rate for transporting on these branches would be reasonable than on the main line? And, if one rate is made for the entire service, as is often done, surely it must be a higher rate than for corresponding service on the main line. But how much higher? How would a Commission determine the question? Consider the numberless questions of this kind that might be presented by shippers, for these branches represent every condition of earning power. Some of them are conducted at a heavy loss; others pay something, others pay more, others are quite profitable. Just imagine a Government Commission facing this set of questions, in circumstances in which a company is trying to deal considerately with its patrons, but does not fully know itself what it ought to do, and the rate is regarded as a tentative arrangement subject to change as soon as both parties have a better knowledge of its effect. Is a railroad Commission justified in assuming that it is wiser than the parties, and that a better rule can be evolved by a body of men not a whit more intent on doing justly, and surely not possessing the experience of the railroad-traffic officers?

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We now approach a very difficult class of cases, reserved at the outset, the various cases of invested capital, in which one may rightly question whether any return at all ought to accrue to the stockholders—indeed, whether the companies have any right to exist. We mean, of course, the parallel railroads, which, like some of the sugar refineries, were built not to be operated, but to be sold. Various practical suppositions can be made concerning these ventures. Let us take the case of the West Shore, for example. There was no justification for building it as a public need, for it tapped no new territory, it accommodated no one a whit better than the New York Central. But it began to do business, and for a time it did business. The business of the Central was drained away so rapidly that its net profits disappeared. The directors determined to pass the regular dividend, for none had been earned. Then the startling discovery was made that, if the road passed the dividend, many institutions which held its bonds would be obliged to sell them forthwith, because the law forbade them retaining as investments the bonds of non-dividend-paying roads. To prevent the inevitable sacrifice resulting from the offer of so many securities for immediate sale, a dividend of one-half of one per cent. was declared, and paid with money borrowed from two or three institutions holding its own bonds. Suppose the Central had cut the rate to meet its competitor, would that have been effective? Assuredly not; bankruptcy, if long continued, would have been inevitable. What would our Government Commission, if in existence, have done? Under the proposed law, nothing, and a road conceived in fraud would have been allowed to destroy one of the great systems of our country.

The wrong was done in permitting the parallel line to be built. Such action has often been taken, on the erroneous idea that competition in transportation is quite as good a thing as competition in production. But the conditions are so different that this is rarely true. To establish and maintain a low rate, a railroad needs much business; to multiply railroads for the same amount of business is to enhance the difficulty of carrying at a low rate. The West Shore was built to sell, and the only remedy was for its competitor to purchase. To save itself from bankruptcy the Central was obliged to incur a heavy obligation against its will; and to earn and make a lower dividend than before it was needful to raise the rates. Was the increase under these conditions justi-

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fied? Why not? The public, which ought to have protected the Central from this piratical enterprise, did nothing, but rather looked on with glee at the prospective spoliation. The Central could not enjoin the other; it pursued the only practicable course, got its enemy out of the way by purchase. What would the Government Commission have done had a shipper complained to them of the advance in rates?

This is the history of many of these parallel ventures; they ought not to have been built, and as independent enterprises are not entitled to the public protection or regard. Conceived in fraud, they are usually managed in the same spirit; and, if solvent competing lines buy them to save themselves from ruin, are they to be blamed for making the public pay for its original dereliction of duty? The railroads that have thus been built to sell aggregate thousands of miles. What, we repeat, is a reasonable rate to charge in order to gain some return on the capital unwillingly invested under those conditions? And how does the Government propose, if regulating future rates, to guard existing companies against these unwelcome contingencies? Does it propose to suffer such adventurers to continue their work, and, when at last they are put out of the way at a heavy price, to prevent purchasers from making any advance to cover their unwilling action? If this should be the Government's policy, the ruin of the strongest railroad in the United States could be easily accomplished.

We now see clearly that reasonable rates have two very different meanings. By one meaning, the rate applies to a railroad and its shippers without any direct reference to the rate of a competing railroad. Is the rate, for example, unreasonable on a railroad that is essentially free from competition? The test to apply in such a case is the profit received by the stockholders. Is the profit unreasonable? By the other meaning, the rate applies to a railroad that competes with another railroad. Is the same test to be applied to determine the reasonableness of the rate? That is not the popular conception of the true method of determining the question. But if this is a proper test to apply in the first case, why is it not in the other? But the shipper says, "If something is not done, I may be ruined." And his fear may be grounded in reason. Is not the obvious remedy to correct the lower, unjustifiable rate—precisely what the railroads have been

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trying to do, and would long ago have done if not prevented by the Government?

One more class of cases may be noted. A railroad pays no dividend for many years; at last its business has developed and dividend-paying begins. Are not the stockholders entitled to larger dividends, for a period at least, than the stockholders of a company that paid fairly from the beginning? A very small number of railroads have paid from the beginning; most of them have not paid until after years of waiting. In every other kind of business, the fat profits of the prosperous years are often justified because of the lean profits of the hard uncertain years. Is not this principle as clearly entitled to recognition in rewarding the owners of transportation enterprises as of those engaged in other pursuits? What would the Government Commission do in dealing with rates in this large class of cases?

But there are other aspects of this question worthy of consideration. If the Interstate Commerce Commission errs, its decision is subject to judicial review and correction. The right of appeal strongly tends to prevent many of the abuses that might arise if none were allowed. The purity and fair-mindedness of the courts are preserved in the same manner, by appeal and review, and finally by impeachment and removal for the greater misdeeds. But now it is jauntily proposed to establish a tribunal without a parallel in our history; one wholly alien to every conception of rational government; a tribunal from which there shall be no appeal to the highest federal court, but only to a "court of commerce," composed of five federal judges, "three of whom shall constitute a quorum." By existing law, the decisions of the Interstate Commerce Commission are reviewable by the Supreme Court of the United States; by the proposed law, decisions of far greater importance cannot be thus reviewed. What respect could one have for a reversal by the proposed court of commerce, consisting, as the court may, of three judges, two in favor of reversing, against one in favor of affirming, a unanimous decision by the Commission composed of five men, presumably possessing as much ability as the members of the court of review? This withholding of review from the Supreme Court is justified, forsooth, on the ground that the Commission will be a parental, kindly body doing equity between all. But, seeing the infirmity of all human institutions, what reason have we to sup-

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pose that its course will be so much better than any predecessor? On the contrary, endowed with power so extraordinary, we have many reasons to suppose it will be worse. The temptations to do evil will be far greater than have ever confronted men in any other public position. The Commission will have political and personal proclivities, do what you will. The party in power appointing its members will make no mistake in selecting a majority from its own body. No one doubts for a moment that, if the Government owned all the railroads, or the principal lines, their wealth and power would be utilized by the party in power to strengthen its hold and continue its control. To transport the mails is just as much of a business as to transport freight and passengers, and yet the service has been a partisan service from the beginning, and is likely to be for an indefinite period.

Every one knows the part the railroads have played in State politics from the Atlantic to the Pacific. They cannot escape if they would. Strong as are the largest corporations in some respects, in other respects they are most vulnerable. And the larger they are, the greater are the dangers that surround them. No one understands their weaker positions better than politicians. The creation of commissions to examine or regulate them; the imposition of unreasonable expenditures for moving freight and passengers, or for raising tracks and other changes in their physical structure, additional taxes,—these are some of the methods by which politicians and their followers can annoy and threaten railroads. Around almost every State Legislature is a body of men who are seeking to exploit the railroads for their personal profit, under the guise, perhaps, of the public good. The railroads must ever be on guard to watch and defeat their enemies. They seek to elect their friends to legislative bodies and defeat those intent on pelf and plunder. Most of the great railroad systems to-day wish little, if anything, in the way of legislation; their strongest wish is to be let alone. But this is what the legislatures will surely not do; and so, the railroads, against their will, are involved to a greater or less degree in State politics.

Create the proposed Commission, with power to establish rates, and the future of the railroad would be largely in their control. A Presidential election is approaching; and the railroads are asked to contribute to the party funds. They refuse to comply, or to

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give as much as the party managers desire. Would a railroad dare decline, after receiving an intimation that it would be well to contribute more liberally? A railroad president in his anger refuses, says he belongs to the other party, or does not like the candidate or his methods. Forthwith, some shipper makes his complaint that he is paying an unreasonable rate. The president soon discovers that he is in a net, with only one way to get out; the desired contribution is given, the party beggar calls off the shipper, and the difficulty is over.

Will the railroads be kept out of national politics when a Commission, composed of a few men, has its firm grip on them with power to squeeze out of them contributions, or to influence the suffrages of their numerous employees? Create this Commission and the future of every Presidential election can be foretold.

And what shall be said of the probable action of such a Commission in seeking to secure for their brothers, cousins and dear friends snug berths in the railroad offices? Could any easier or more effective way be imagined of creating good fellowship between the railroads and the Commission?

Would this vast machinery of transportation, once in the firm grasp of the Government, through its appointed and controlled Commission, move so high above all party influences that no one need fear its opportunities and its power? Those who think thus, if thinking at all, are blind to the plainest teachings of our brief political history. Would not popular phrase be soon changed from "reasonable rates" to "political rates"? Would not control without ownership, for that is what Government rate-making means, give rise to a series of tremendous dangers and disquieting consequences that would outweigh many times the ills now endured?

Finally, what is the popular conception of this question? Simply this: If two railroads are in any sense competitors, and one is making a lower rate than the other, the Commission should forthwith compel the one maintaining the higher rate to come down to the other's level. The shipper paying the higher rate says, "The lower rate enjoyed by my competitor is ruinous to me," and doubtless he is right. But he never looks beyond his own narrow interest. He neither knows nor cares how the railroad may suffer if it attempts to conform to his wishes. He never discovers that the real wrong is done by the railroad carry-

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ing at the lowest rate, and that the true remedy is to compel it to raise its rate—or, perhaps, for one to raise and the other to reduce, until they are at the same level.

In all this discussion from the popular side there is not the trace of a thought that it should be a function of the Government to raise the rate of a railroad, although it may be bankrupt and in a condition to bring every other competitor into bankruptcy if permitted to continue.

The thought that a railroad can carry, and often has carried, freight at too low a rate, for which there was no justification, is quite beyond the public comprehension. That millions of bushels of grain have been carried by the railroads for many a year from the West to the seaboard at a loss, is an incident over which only stockholders grieve. The dissimilarity between the conditions of two railroads traversing the same territory—the one solvent and seeking to preserve its responsibility to its stockholders, the other bankrupt, responsible to nobody except the court, and not caring a fig about rates or profits—is a fact, however palpable to the most ordinary shipper, that never brings to him a regret, but only a smile. Others may lose heavily, but this is no affair of his; his interests do not go beyond himself. What he wants are rates as low or lower than are given to competitors by other lines, not by evening up but by evening down, and his sole conception of Governmental action is the achievement of that purpose. If ever a great question was gazed at by a large portion of the public in the narrow light of personal interest it is this.

If the proposed action by the Government were based on a clearer apprehension of the difficulties, and with a manifest purpose to advance rates when too low as well as to reduce them when too high, in short, to protect stockholders as fully as their patrons, and permitted appeals to be made to the Supreme Court of the United States, not solely on the ground that the Commission might err, but that it is a power too great and dangerous to lodge in any body without appeal to the highest tribunal, then the proposal might be worth considering. Until this is done the shippers have quite as much reason to fear as the railroads that this well-meant attempt to serve them will prove a costly delusion.

ALBERT S. BOLLES.

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THE WHY OF RURAL FREE DELIVERY.

BY GENERAL RUSH C. HAWKINS.

THE management of the United States Post-Office occupies a unique position among the postal departments of the world. In European countries that important branch of the public service is conducted along the lines of well-established business principles, commercial discretion enforcing reasonable economies, but never to the detriment of the duties to be performed, which in the larger and well-governed nations are executed efficiently and with sufficient exactness. In no instance is a discovered source of deficit permitted to continue. Among the first experiments in government telegraphing, there were small annual deficits; and in several countries during the first years there were shortages in the package, or what might be termed the express, department, but they were not allowed to continue. New methods were adopted which insured adequate compensation for the services performed—usually showing a considerable profit to the government,—one year in England as much as $22,000,000—without impairing the efficiency of the service.

It remained for us in the conduct of our postal affairs, as well as in other business departments of Government, to set the example of intentionally doing public business at a loss to the Government: of managing in the interest of favored classes, and, in the majority of instances, for the purpose of promoting partisan aims of practical politicians and office-holders, who are seeking only perpetuation of place and power, and always at the expense of economical administration of public affairs.

In support of this system we have our unnational legislation upholding an unjust protective tariff for the benefit of favored classes; the yearly "Rivers and Harbors Bill," with its many unnecessary appropriations; the many expenditures for public build-

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ings in unimportant places where they are not needed; the second-class mail-matter abuse, which entails a yearly loss of from seven to ten millions; and, over and above all others as to amount, we have the monstrous, gigantic and unprecedented series of pension frauds.

A few thoughtful and patriotic citizens having the better interests of their country at heart, who had observed and been compelled to acquiesce in political conditions they could not approve, had ventured to hope that the abuses mentioned would have satisfied the political spoilsmen and tax-devouring classes, and that there would be no further inflictions of the same order. But they knew not of the capacity of the well-fed spoilsman appetite to crave for more; and they were doomed to an unexpected disappointment, caused by the bringing forth of a new scheme such as could not have been invented and put into active operation in any other country than our own.

The older postal abuses which had long since crystallized into exact form—unconscionable overpayments to favored railroads, in many instances to the extent of four times the usual charges for like services performed in the ordinary course of commerce, and the carrying of many kinds of second-class matter at less than one-quarter of the actual cost to the Government—had been in practice so long that there would be considerable difficulty in tracing them backwards, through their extended course of malignant activity, to their origin, or to the exact time of their inauguration; but that is not the case with this later addition to our postal family of abuses. The time of its conception in the womb of practical politics was the last half of the year 1896; but it first went into active operation in 1897, the first year of the McKinley administration. There are reasons for a suspicion that the vicious political influence of the Middle West was the power that breathed the breath of life into the nostrils of this monstrous scheme. Soon as it had been decided to inaugurate this new branch of the Postal service, it became necessary to find an experienced and efficient agent for its organization and promotion; and, fortunately for the inventors, there was ready at hand and installed in appropriate office at Washington, a *facile princeps,* a graduate in the school of Middle West politics, who was master of all the accomplishments which might be expected to flow from such an education.

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The official in question came into his office under the influence of the most successful political speculator connected with the administration that appointed him, and he afterwards became known, officially, as the First Assistant Postmaster-General. For the special work in hand he was ideal. If he had been made to the order of a committee of the most expert partisans, he could not have embodied more completely the necessary qualifications for the quantity and peculiar quality of success which would have best pleased his masters. He knew the party machine, its ambitions and needs, and the kind of lubricants necessary to keep its various parts in such working order as would make it equal to all emergencies, from capturing the vote of a city or State to purchasing a National Convention.

During the first week of March in the year 1898, a citizen interested in the reformation of corrupt practices connected with the administration of postal affairs, called upon the Postmaster-General for the purpose of presenting to his attention some facts relating to one of the most flagrant abuses connected with his Department. He was received, presented the dominant facts involved, and was then referred to the First Assistant Postmaster-General, to whose office he was shown. There he waited until the advent of that official, when the matter in question was submitted for consideration. The discussion in relation to it had not proceeded very far before a card was brought in, and soon afterwards two individuals were announced. They were received by the official with a marked degree of cordiality, and the three betook themselves to another part of the room. The visitors proved to be characters of more than ordinary interest. One was a member of Congress and the other a "Visiting Statesman," who in machine parlance is usually called "The Boss."

These two individuals were of the same political locality and party and were bent upon spoils; and their conversation of about an hour's duration brought to the surface a series of revelations from the innermost recesses of the kingdom of the Boss which were of absorbing interest to the silent listener, whose eyes and ears opened the wider at the recital of each proposition presented. The Boss was the chief spokesman. He had carefully mapped out a network of "Rural Free-Delivery Routes" for the Congressional District over which he presided; and was urgently fluent in pressing their adoption. He descanted fer-

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vently upon the difficulty experienced in carrying, at the last election, certain important parts of the district for the Republican party. His State was one of the doubtful States, and had as often gone for the Democrats as for the Republicans; hence, the necessity of developing this newly discovered source of political power in the interest of *the* party.

During his plea in favor of immediate action he was urgently eloquent. He brought to the fore a startling proposal, which was new to the official, and it was propounded in about these words: "As soon as the requisite number of routes have been established to meet the demands of the people, we will need Government road-inspectors, to see that the highways used, which will have become Government post-roads, are kept in order for the passage of the mails. We ought to have at least from two to five in each Congressional District." In answer to this part of the argument, the official, in substance, said: "In time, that necessity will have to be provided for; but it is too early to bring it before the people at this time. This scheme of rural delivery is a new one, is now just entering upon the experimental stage and must not be overloaded. Members of Congress are beginning to see its importance, and are becoming interested in its progress, and we may have reasons for looking forward to the success of our experiment; but we must not call for too large expenditures at first. The people must be educated and aroused to the importance of having their rights acknowledged by the Government. This will come to be known as a measure of our party, and the odium of its failure would rest upon our shoulders. Therefore the importance of slow and sure work for the foundation."

The interview closed with the assurance that "the Department" was on the side of the discoverers of this new source of party wealth.

The official then announced his willingness to listen to the would-be reformer, who had journeyed two hundred and fifty miles for the purpose of laying certain facts before the Postal Department which made out a perfectly clear case of unauthorized misdirection of Government work, for the benefit of a certain favored few who had not even a shadow of a right to call upon the Government for the performance of a certain service purely incidental to their business occupations. The official, in an impatient manner, heard the statement through, admitted its truth,

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did not deny that it described an abuse which was being carried on at the expense of the Government, and said that the people demanded it, and that the Department could not go back of the people's demand. He closed the interview by saying that the matter was one that long continuation had placed beyond Department control—in other words, the fraud was of sufficient age and magnitude to entitle it to a place upon the list of privileged abuses.

The following table shows the growth of "Rural Free Delivery" routes from 1897, its first year, to June 30th, 1904:

	Appropriations	Routes in Operation.
1897	$40,000	44
1898	50,000	148
1899	150,000	391
1900	450,000	1,276
1901	1,750,000	4,301
1902	3,993,740	8,466
1903	8,054,400	15,119
1904	12,921,700	24,566

The fiscal year of 1897 was the first of the experiment. Forty-four routes were established and $40,000 appropriated. The next two years were, also, to an extent, experimental. But in the year 1900, when success had been assured beyond doubt, 1,276 routes were nurtured into working order and $450,000 appropriated. By that time Departmental machinery had attained to a condition of efficiency which promised great usefulness in the future.

The results of the Departmental machinery, aided by interested political workers outside, during the four fiscal years ending June 30th, 1904, prove that all the promise born of the previous four years' experience was to be satisfactorily realized. During the year 1904, the last of those four years, the scheme was worked up to the high-pressure point all along the line, so that it succeeded in grinding out of its mill a fraction less than twenty-six routes for each day in the year. And, for the whole eight years comprised in the initiatory and formative period, we have a fraction less than 3,071 for each year, and about eight and a half for each day of the whole period.

The Postmaster-General, in his report for the fiscal year ending June 30th, 1904, gives a summary of the most important facts which go to make up the year's history of rural free delivery. The all-important items for the consideration of the tax-producer are contained in the following paragraphs:

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"The number of pieces of mail collected during the fiscal year was 133,083,351. The value of stamps cancelled on mail collected by rural carriers amounted to $2,601,815.28, and the pay of carriers for that period aggregated $12,122,725.20.

"The average monthly cancellations for routes throughout the United States were $10.64, and the average pay of carriers was $49.54."

Summary.

Cost per month	$1,010,227.10	12 months....	$12,122,725.20
Receipts per month....	216,817.94	12 months....	2,601,815.28
Loss per month.....	793,409.16	12 months....	9,520,909.92

The above cost relates to carriers only—the pay of division superintendents, rural agents, *per diem* agents, clerks at division headquarters and various other employees, and the expense of maintaining the bureau organization, are not included. It may be safe, however, to estimate the cost of these items at about $798,975 which would make up the total of $12,921,700, the whole appropriation for that year, which makes the loss to the tax-producer $10,319,884.92. In other words, a very large majority of the tax-producers are being compelled to pay about four dollars for every one earned by rural delivery, for an uncalled-for and unnecessary service in which it is impossible that they should have the slightest interest.

At this time there must be in operation about 35,000 routes and there are enough more in sight to carry the number, within five or six years, up to 60,000. This will mean a yearly payment to carriers of $35,668,800, to which must be added the incidental office and other Department organization expenses, which may be safely put down at $2,800,000 at least. This amount added to the carriers' pay will make a total of $38,468,800, insuring an annual deficit of about $28,851,000. But will the increase of routes stop at 60,000? There is no unknown quantity so voracious and ravenous as the well-fed appetite of the spoilsman politician of the recognized American type. He is omnivorous, and his well-practised digestion is ever ready for further supplies. This gigantic fraud will go on until the last acre of our territory is covered with settlements; or, possibly, until President Lincoln's "common people," no longer able or willing to submit to the extortions imposed by those who misrepresent them in Congress, and officially elsewhere, arise and inaugurate new methods for checking partisan extravagance.

From the view-point of use for the professional politician,

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rural free delivery appears to be about as pernicious a raid upon the public treasury as could be invented. And yet, this new flesh-pot, with its enticing and appetizing fragrance floating out from the halls of Congress, in many directions to all the remote corners of our extended domain, proved to be the kind of a temptation the average citizen could not resist. So attractive had it become in its fifth year that many an honest citizen fell then who had never fallen before, and became an ardent advocate of this new state industry. And now he examines the probable ability of the Congressional candidate to secure rural routes in his district before casting his vote.

The new creation in the interest of partisan power is in one essential respect singularly exceptional. It was brought into existence without an actual or even an apparent excuse, made out of an opportunity and founded upon no pending necessity. The people upon whom this service was forced had never known that they needed it; and, in a majority of instances, they were astonished when informed that the Government was about to inaugurate it for doing that which they had always done for themselves. The village post-office had always been near at hand and their postal needs few—usually confined to the weekly paper and an average, in the strictly rural parts, of not over one hundred letters and circulars for each family per year. If a week went over without a family's sending to the post-office, others would bring the "mail" for those who remained at home.

From the first settlements these conditions had obtained in many parts of the country, were satisfactory and fully equal to all the necessities involved; and great was the astonishment of the sturdy citizen of the rural districts when he was informed that Government had kept him out of his rights, but, having seen the sin of its neglect, it was now making the right amends for the wrongs of the past; and he had only to sign the paper, the petition for service, and he would have the daily delivery at his door. This was a luxury he had never dreamed of, and in many instances he rebelled against its infliction. It was foreseen that its coming would do away with the excuse for going to the village for the mail, which in many instances, since the advent of the bicycle, had given the boys and girls an opportunity for an enjoyable ride when the day's work was over.

The aggrieved parties along the lines formerly so satisfactorily

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served by the "old mail-stage" often resorted to the local press for the open expression of their sorrows. The following is a fair specimen of many that have been published, especially in the New England States:

"Three rural free-delivery mail routes were established from South Royalton, October 1st, two of them passing through the village of East Barnard from different directions. The post-office there and the stage running daily to South Royalton were discontinued three weeks ago, against the wishes of nearly every one in the place; and a petition has been sent to the Post-Office Department, signed by about 100 people, protesting against the change. The people of that community have ordered their mail sent to Sharon, where they take turns in going for it, South Royalton, where the mail arrives, and the usual office of supply, being ignored. At South Tunbridge, the postmaster resigned several weeks ago on account of the rural free delivery, and no one wants the office, but the Department has not yet seen fit to discontinue it."

The dissatisfaction is not confined to any particular class or classes, but is shared by all the people who go to make up the usual rural communities. They have missed the many little conveniences which attended the old system and which had become a part of their daily routine: the familiar old stage, with its accommodating driver who was always willing to purchase and deliver anything from a postage-stamp to a cart-wheel, they looked upon as a family necessity. The boys and girls had ridden with him to school for generations; and many a welcome visitor from afar had alighted from his familiar "old ark." In short, the mail-carrier had become a part of the every-day life of all those who lived along his line, and his daily passings were always looked for with pleasurable anticipations. No wonder the seven hundred and twenty dollar Government official, of the new order of regulated celerity, could not be regarded as an adequate substitute for the old-established order, which dated back to the days of the early settlers. The following protest from an aggrieved layman, printed in a New England newspaper, voices the sentiment of the dissatisfied:

"Rural free delivery is a grand thing for those that want it, and those that don't will have to learn to like it. But here is my view of the rural free delivery in any town where there is good mail service, and has been for years and years. In a good many places there is a little store and post-office together, which makes a fair living for the owner; but one alone is too little pay, so your rural free delivery throws up your post-office, and the store in small places dies out, and you go to

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larger places to buy your provisions; and your little town with so many bright people in it grows poorer and poorer in more ways than one, your money going out of town and added expense necessary to the town to keep the roads in passable condition for the mail-carrier. He cannot shovel his way through snow-drifts and make his time, as he has got to. Then there are more things than these: you have thrown off your stage that has run for years before you were born, and if any of your friends or any one else wants to go through, instead of the small sum of seventy-five cents or one dollar, you can go and get them, or they can hire some one to bring them for $2.50 or $3.00. If you want to send anything away, instead of going to the stage road and sending it on the stage, you can go and carry it yourself or keep it at home. Some of you think that rural free delivery will make real estate higher, Not so, my friends; no man with a level head on him would buy a farm as quick with rural free delivery as he would with the good old-time stage running through the town twice a day. Now, if it is not asking too much of you, when any of you write another piece about rural free delivery, please sign your name, so we shall know who to blame and who not to."

There are two classes who derive complete satisfaction from the success of this new enterprise: the machine politicians, and the ever-thrifty citizens who abound in all rural communities, and who assist in promoting this scheme of a thriving State industry—for the money it yields to the community in which they are interested. The proceeds from this source are considered as "clear gain"—all coming into the State from the Government treasury and nothing going out.

It will be seen, by the following extract from the 1904 report of the Postmaster-General, that the six prominent Republican States, which are usually all powerful in National Conventions and in Congress, are having the generous reward of the pure and steadfast in the faith.

Number of routes in certain States in 1903 and 1904 and partly estimated cost of maintenance.

	1903.	1904.	Expense, 1904.
Illinois	1,352	2,123	$1,528,560
Indiana	1,113	1,658	1,193,760
Iowa	1,484	1,863	1,341,360
Ohio	1,104	1,816	1,407,520
Pennsylvania	845	1,432	1,031,040
Wisconsin	632	1,076	774,720
Total	6,530	9,968	$7,276,960

During the fiscal year ending June 30th 1904, there were established 9,447 new routes. Of these, the six favored States managed

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to capture 34½ per cent., leaving 65½ per cent. for distribution among the other States and territories. The dimensions of this reward to these ever-reliable Republican States proves the exceptional activity of their machine managers, and also the kindly disposition, in the direction of liberal expenditures, of the officials in charge of postal affairs at Washington.

This singularly exceptional generosity stands for a significant future possibility of surpassing importance. Of late, there has been a marked tendency towards a centralization of power in the hands of the Executive, such as had never been witnessed before since the formation of our Government. In several instances individualism—personal preference—has asserted itself in the setting aside of customs as old as the Government, which were established in the interests of the sacred proprieties. These deviations from ancient customs have resulted in a certain amount of demoralization in the military and several of the civil departments of the public service.

These acts, no matter for what purpose intended, indicate a willingness to resort to an improper use of power to attain certain ends. This seemingly growing desire for concentration of power is becoming a menace of such magnitude that those who care for the perpetuation of our Government, in anything like the purity and form it was in when left to us by the fathers, would do well to adopt, if possible, effective measures to prevent further infractions. Suppose, for instance, when these conditions towards centralization have extended so as to indicate sufficient power of control in the hands of an Executive, that official should become possessed of a desire to exert his influence over a National Convention for the nomination of a candidate for his own party? The numerous cohorts of tax-eaters and managers of political machines—all being supported at the cost of the people—would be the willing tools he would work with. What obstacle could stand in the way to prevent a President from dictating the nomination of a favorite cabinet officer for his successor? In the histories of nations, where citizens have not, in time, resisted the usurpations of their rulers, stranger events have come to pass. And why not in time here?

Of all the political machines ever set in motion for the advantage of self-seeking partisans, the "Rural Free Delivery" shows promise of being the most far-reaching and potent in its malig-

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nant results. At the present rate of increase, or even much less, we may safely, by 1915, count upon there being 100,000 routes in operation, whose carriers and other employees, if so disposed, would be able to control, besides their own, 500,000 other votes. This newly organized political spoilsman force, acting with others already in existence, would constitute a unit of power which would be irresistible.

As at present organized, this new branch of the public service is in condition for immediate and active service. Besides being a separate body, with a chief and a powerful, well-drilled staff at the seat of government, there is a numerous body of men who do its routine work and are in daily touch with the postmasters of the distributing offices throughout the country. In the field of trickster politics, these officials are masters. Probably not more than five per cent. of the whole, if even that, were appointed because of special fitness. The rule is that they are recommended by Senators and Representatives as being entitled to reward for political work performed for the party in power. These are the town and county experts who dictate the composition of the caucuses and control them, and assist the greater bosses to manipulate the larger and more important conventions. They know the local weaknesses and can be relied upon to marshall their forces where they will do the most good.

The Republican party, confident of its power, gorged with office, heedless of the rights of the minority, often disregarding honesty of purpose, promoting and encouraging vicious extravagance, in all departments of the public service, condoning and in many instances applauding unprecedented acts of its autocratic chief, legislating in the interest of classes and sections, and annually disregarding the principles involved in an enlightened and beneficent public policy, is now, by reason of its having created the evils enumerated, in a position for a still further advance against the interests of the people. Is there anything in its past history to encourage the belief that it will call a halt rather than press forward more recklessly than ever?

RUSH C. HAWKINS.

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ENGLISH IDIOSYNCRASIES.—II.

BY W. D. HOWELLS.

VI.

We suppose that the large holdings of land are the effect of wrongs and abuses now wholly in the past, and that the causes for their increase are no longer operative, but are something like those geological laws by which the strata under them formed themselves. Once, however, in driving through the most beautiful part of England, which I will not specify because every part of England is the most beautiful, I came upon an illustration of the reverse, as signal as the spectacle of a landslide. It was the accumulation, not merely within men's memories, but within the actual generation, of vast bodies of land in the hold of a great nobleman who had contrived a title in them by the simple device of enclosing the people's commons. It was a wrong, but there was no one of the wronged who was brave enough or rich enough to dispute it through the broken law, and no witness public-spirited enough to come to their aid. Such things make us think patiently, almost proudly, of our national foible of graft, which may really be of feudal origin. Doubtless the aggression was attacked in the press, but we all know what the attacks of the press amount to against the steadfast will of a powerful corporation, and a great nobleman in England is a powerful corporation. In this instance he had not apparently taken the people's land without some wish to make them a return for it. He had built a handsome road through their property, which he maintained in splendid condition, and he allowed them to drive over his road, and to walk freely in certain portions of their woods. He had also built a magnificent hospital for them, and it seemed rather hard, then, to hear that one of the humblest of them had been known to speak of him in whispered confidence as a "Upas tree."

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Probably he was not personally a Upas tree, probably the rancor toward him left from being bawled after by one of his gatemen at a turning we had taken, in his enclosure, "That's a private path!" was unjust. There was no sign, such as everywhere in England renders a place secure from intrusion. The word "Private" painted up anywhere does the effect of bolts and bars and of all obsolete man-traps beyond it, and is not for a moment that challenge to the wayfaring foot which it seems so often with us; but the warnings to the public which we make so mandatory, the English language with unfailing gentleness. You are not told to keep your foot or your wheel to a certain pathway; you are "requested," and sometimes even "kindly requested"; I do not know but once I was "respectfully requested." Perhaps that nobleman's possession of these lands was so new that his retainers had to practise something of unwonted rudeness in keeping it wholly his where he chose. At any rate, the rule of civility is so universal that the politeness from class to class is, for what the stranger sees, all but unfailing. I dare say he does not see everything, even the Argus-eyed American, but apparently the manners of the lower class, where they have been touched by the upper, have been softened and polished to the same consistence and complexion. When it comes to the proffers, and refusals, and insistences and acceptances between people of condition, such as I witnessed once in a crowded first-class carriage from London on an Oxford holiday, nothing could be more gently urgent, more beautifully forbearing. If the writers of our romantic novels could get just those manners into their fiction, I should not mind their dealing so much with the English nobility and gentry; for those who intend being our nobility and gentry, by and by, could not do better than study such high-breeding.

VII.

If we approach the morals of either superiors or inferiors, we are in a region where it behooves us to tread carefully. To be honest, I know nothing about them, and I will not assume to know anything. I heard from authority which I could not suspect of posing for omniscience that the English rustics were apt to be very depraved, but they may on the other hand be saints for all that I can prove against them. They are superstitious, it is said, and there are few villages or old houses that have not

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their tutelary spectres. The belief in ghosts is almost universal among them; as I may allow without superiority, for I do not know but I believe in them myself, and there are some million of American spiritualists who make an open profession of faith in them. It is said also that the poor in England are much spoiled by the constant aid given them in charity. This is supposed to corrupt them, and to make them dependent upon the favors of fortune, rather than the sweat of their brows. On the other hand, they often cannot get work, as I infer from the armies of the unemployed, and, in these cases, I cannot hold them greatly to blame if they bless their givers by their readiness to receive. If one may infer from the incessant beneficences, and the constant demands for more and more charities, one heaped upon another, there are more good objects in England than anywhere else under the sun, for one only gives to good objects, of course. The oppression of the subscriptions is tempered by the smallness of the sum which may satisfy them. "Five shillings is a subscription," said a friend who was accused of really always giving five pounds.

The English rich do not give so spectacularly as our rich do, that is, by handfuls of millions, but then the whole community gives more, I think, than our community does, and when it does not give, the necessary succor is taxed out of its incomes and legacies. I do not mean that there is no destitution, but only that the better off seem to have the worse off more universally and perpetually in mind than with us. All this is believed to be very demoralizing to the poor, and doubtless the certainty of soup and flannel is bad for the soul of an old woman whose body is doubled up with rheumatism. The Church seems to blame for much of the evil that ensues from giving something to people who have nothing; but I dare say the Dissenters are also guilty.

Just how much is wanted to stay the stomach of a healthy pauper, it would be hard to say; but now and then the wayfarer gets some hint of the frequency if not the amount of feeding among the poor who are able to feed themselves. One day, in the outskirts—they were very tattered and draggled—of Liverpool, we stopped at a pastry-shop, where the kind woman "thought she could accommodate" us with a cup of tea, though she was terribly pressed with custom from all sorts of minute maids and small boys coming in for "pennorths" of that fright-

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ful variety of tart and cake which dismays the beholder from a million shop windows in England. When we were brought our safer refection, we noted her activities to the hostess, and she said, "Yes, they all want a bit of cake with their tea, even the poorest"; and when we ventured our supposition that they made their afternoon tea the last meal of the day, she laughed at the notion. "Last meal! They have a good supper before they go to bed. Indeed, they all want their four meals a day."

Another time, thriftily running in a third-class carriage from Crewe to Chester, I was joined by a friendly man who addressed me with the frank cordiality of the lower classes in recognizing one of their sort. "They don't know how to charge!" he said, with an irony that referred to the fourpence he had been obliged to pay for a cup of station tea; and when I tried to allege some mitigating facts in behalf of the company, he readily became autobiographical. The transition from tea to eating generally was easy, and he told me that he was a plumber, going to do a job of work at Llandudno, where he had to pay fourteen bob, which I knew to be shillings and mentally translated into $3.50, a week for his board. His wages were $1.50 a day, which the reader who multiplies fourpence by twenty, to make up the difference in money values, will find to be the wages of a good mechanic in the first Edward's time, five hundred years ago. On this he professed to live very well. He rose every morning at half-past four, and at six he had a breakfast of bread, butter and coffee; at nine he had porridge and coffee; at one, he had soup, meat and eggs, and perhaps beer; at night, after he got home from work, he had a stew and a bit of meat, and perhaps beer, with Mother. He thought that English people ate too much, generally, and especially on Sunday, when they had nothing else to do. Most men never came home without asking, "Well, Mother, what have you got for me to eat now?" When I remembered how sparely our farm people and mechanics fared, I thought that he was right, or they were wrong; for the puzzling fact remained that they looked gaunt and dyspeptic, and he hale and fresh, though the difference may have had as much to do with the air as the food. I liked him, and I cannot leave him without noting that he was of the lean-faced, slightly aquiline British type, with a light mustache; he was well dressed and well set up, and he spoke strongly, as North Britons do, with nothing of our people's husky

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whine. I found him on further acquaintance of anti-Chamberlain politics, pro-Boer as to the late war, and rather socialistic. He blamed the labor men for not choosing labor men to office instead of the gentry who offered themselves. He belonged to a plumber's union, and he had nothing to complain of, but he inferred that the working-man was better off in America, from the fact that none of his friends who had gone to the States ever came home to stay, though they nearly all came home for a holiday, sooner or later. He differed from my other friend the accountant in being very fond of the Welsh; it must be owned their race seemed to have acquired merit with him through the tip of two sovereigns which his last employer in Llandudno had given him. On the other hand, he had no love for the Italians who were coming in, especially at Glasgow. In Glasgow, he said, there were more drunken women than anywhere else in the world, though there was no public-house drinking with them as in London. This, so far as I got at it, formed his outlook on life, but I dare say there was more of it.

VIII.

I was always regretting that I got at the people so little, and that only chance hints of what they were thinking and feeling reached me. Now and then, a native observer said something about them which seemed luminous. "We are frightfully feudal," such an observer said, "especially the poor." He did not think it a fault, I believe, and only used his adverb intensifyingly, for he was of a Tory mind. He meant the poor among the country people, who have at last mastered that principle of the feudal system which early enabled the great nobles to pay nothing for the benefits they enjoyed from it. But my other friend, the plumber, was not the least feudal, or not so feudal as many a lowly ward heeler in New York, who helps to make up the muster of some captain of politics, under the lead of a common boss. The texture of society, in the smarter sense, the narrower sense, is what I could not venture to speak of more confidently. Once I asked a friend, a very dear and valued friend, whether a man's origin or occupation would make any difference in his social acceptance, if he were otherwise interesting and important. He seemed not to know what I would be at, and, when he understood, he responded with almost a shout of amazement, "Oh, not the least in the world!" But I have my

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doubts still; and I should say that it might be as difficult for a very cultivated and agreeable man servant to get on in London society, as for an artist or poet to feel at home in the first circles of New York. Possibly, however, London society, because of its almost immeasurable vastness, can take in more of more sorts of people, without the consciousness of differences which keeps our own first circles so elect. I venture, somewhat wildly, somewhat unwarrantably, the belief that English society is less sensitive to moral differences than ours, and that people with their little *taches* would find less anxiety in London than in New York lest they should come off on the people they rubbed against. Some Americans, who, even with our increasing prevalence of divorces, are not well seen at home, are cheerfully welcomed in England.

Perhaps, there, all Americans, good and bad, high and low, coarse and fine, are the same to senses not accustomed to our varying textures and shades of color; that is a matter I should be glad to remand to the psychologist, who will have work enough to do if he comes to inquire into such mysteries. One can never be certain just how the English take us, or how much, or whether they take us at all. Oftenest I was inclined to think that we were imperceptible to them, or that, when we were perceptible, they were aware of us as Swedenborg says the most celestial angels are aware of evil spirits, merely as something angular. Americans were distressful to their consciousness, they did not know why; and then they tried to ignore us. But perhaps this is putting it a little fantastically. What I know is that one comes increasingly to reserve the fact of one's nationality, when it is not essential to the occasion, and to become as much as possible an unknown quality, rather than a quality aggressive or positive. Sometimes, when I could feel certain of my ground, I ventured my conviction that Englishmen were not so much interested in Americans as those Americans who stayed at home were apt to think; but when I once expressed this belief to a Unitarian minister, whom I met in the West of England, he received it with surprise and refusal. He said that in his own immediate circle, at least, his friends were interested and increasingly interested in America, what she was and what she meant to be, and still looked toward her for the lead in certain high things which Englishmen have ceased to expect of themselves. My impression is that most of the most forward of the English Sociologists regard America as

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a back number in those political economics which imply equality as well as liberty in the future. They do not see any difference between our conditions and theirs, as regards the man who works for his living with his hands, except that wages are higher with us, and that physically there is more elbow-room, though mentally and morally there is not. Except a little in my Unitarian minister, and this only conjecturally, I did not encounter that fine spirit which in Old England used to imagine the New World we have not quite turned out to be; but once I met an Englishman who had lived in Canada, and who, gentleman-bred as he was, looked back with fond homesickness to the woods where he had taken up land, and built himself a personable house, chiefly with his own hands. He had lived himself out of touch with his old English life in that new country, and had drawn breath in an opener and livelier air which filled his lungs as the home atmosphere never could again.

IX.

Yet he was standing stiffly up for himself, and strewing his convictions and opinions broadcast as the English all do when pressed by circumstance, while we, with none of their shyness, mostly think our thoughts to ourselves. I suppose we do it because we like better than they to seem of one effect with the rest of our kind. In England one sees a variety of dress in men which one rarely sees at home. They dress there not only in keeping with their work and their play, but in the indulgence of any freak of personal fancy, so that in the street of a provincial town, like Bath for instance, you will encounter in a short walk a greater range of trousers, leggings, caps, hats, coats, jackets, collars, scarfs, boots and shoes, of tan and black, than you would meet at home in a month of Sundays. The differences do not go to the length of fashions, such as reduce our differences to uniformity, and clothe, say, our legs in knickerbockers till it is found everybody is wearing them, when immediately nobody wears them. Only ladies, of fashions beyond men's, gratify caprices like ours, and even these perhaps not voluntarily. In the obedience they show to the rule that they must never wear the same dinner or ball gown twice, it was said (but who can ever find out the truth of such things?) that they sometimes had sent home from the dressmakers a number of dresses

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on liking, and wore them in succession, only to return them all but one at last as not liked, the dressmaker having found her account in her work being shown in society.

I do not know just what is to be inferred from a social fact or statement like this, but I may say that the devotion to an ideal of social position is far deeper with the English than with us. Whether we spend more or not, I believe that the English live much nearer their incomes than Americans do. I think that we save more out of our earnings than they out of theirs, and that in this we are more like the Continental peoples, the French or the Italians. They spend vastly more on state than we do, because, for one thing, they have more state to spend on. A man may continue to make money in America, and not change his manner of living till he chooses, and he may never change it. Such a thing could not happen to an Englishwoman as happened to the elderly American housewife who walked through the magnificent house which her husband had bought to surprise her, and sighed out at last, "Well, now I suppose I shall have to keep a girl!" The girl would have been kept from the beginning of her husband's prosperity, and multiplied, till the house was full of servants. If you have the means of a gentleman in England, you must live like a gentleman, apparently; you cannot live plainly, and put by, and largely you must trust to your life-insurance as the fortune you will leave your heirs. It cannot be denied that the more generous expenditure of the English adds to the grace of life, and that they are more hospitable according to their means than we are; or than those Continental peoples who are not hospitable at all.

X.

A thing that one feels more and more irritatingly in England is that, while with other foreigners we stand on common ground, where we may be as unlike them as we choose, with the English we always stand on English ground, where we can differ only at our peril, and to our disadvantage. A person speaking English and bearing an English name, had better be English, for if he cannot it shows, it proves, that there is something wrong in him. Our misfortune is that our tradition, and perhaps our inclination, obliges us to be un-English, whereas we do not trouble ourselves to be un-French, or un-Italian, for we are so by nature. The effort involved in distinguishing ourselves breeds a sort of annoyance, or

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call it no more than uneasiness, which is almost as bad as a bad conscience; and in our sense of hopeless perdition we turn vindictively upon our judge. But that is not fair and it is not wise; he does not mean to be our judge, except when he comes to us for the purpose; in his own house, he is civilly unaware of putting us to any test whatever. If you ask him whether he likes this thing or that of ours, he will tell you frankly; he never can see why he should not be frank; he has a kind of helplessness in always speaking the truth; and he does not try to make it palatable.

An English Radical, who would say of his King no more than that he was a good little man, and most useful in promoting friendship with France, was inclined to blame us because we did not stay by at the time of our Revolution, and help them fight out as Englishmen the fight for English freedom. He had none of the loyalty of sentiment which so mystifies the American, but plenty of the loyalty of reason, and expected a Utopia which should not be of political but of economical cast. But one was always coming upon illustrations of the loyalty of sentiment with which of course one could have no quarrel, for their patriotism seldom concerned us, except rather handsomely to include us. The French have ceased to be the hereditary enemy, and the Russians have now taken their place in the popular patriotism. I always talked with the lower classes, when I could, perhaps because I felt myself near them in my unworthy way, and one evening in a grassy lane I made the acquaintance of a friendly man letting his horse browse the wayside turf. He was in the livery-stable line, but he had been a soldier many years. Upon this episode he became freely autobiographical, especially concerning his service in India. He volunteered the declaration that he had had enough of war, but he added, thoughtfully, "I should like to go out for a couple of years if there was any trouble with Russia."

The love of England comes out charmingly in the swarming of English tourists in every part of their country. Americans may sometimes outnumber them at the Continental shrines, but we are in a pitiful minority at the memorable places in England; in fact we are nowhere beside the natives. I liked their fondness for their own so much that I never could feel the fine scorn for "trippers" which I believe all persons of condition ought to assume. Even when the trippers did not seem very intelligently

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interested in what they saw, they were harmlessly employed, for a scene of beauty, or of historic appeal, could not be desecrated by the courtships which are constantly going on all over England, especially at the holiday seasons.

The English are, indeed, great holiday-makers, even when past the age of putting their arms around one another's waists. The many and many seaside resorts form the place of their favorite outings, where they try to spend such days and weeks of the late summer as their savings will pay for. It is said that families in very humble station save the year round for these vacations, and, having put by twelve or fifteen pounds, repair to some such waterside as Blackpool, or its analogue in their neighborhood, and lavish them upon the brief joy of the time. They take the cheaper lodgings, and bring with them the less perishable provisions; and lead a life of resolute gayety on the sands and in the sea, and at the pier-ends where the negro minstrels and the Pierrots, who equally abound, make the afternoons and evenings a delight which no one would suspect from their faces to be the wild thing it is. If they go home at the end "high sorrowful and cloyed," there is no forecast of it in their demeanor, which is as little troubled as it is animated. The young people are even openly gay, and the robustness of their flirtations adds sensibly to the interest of the spectator. Our own public lovers seem of a humbler sort, and they mostly content themselves with the passive embraces of which every seat in our parks affords an example; but in England such lovers add playful struggles. A favorite pastime seemed to be for one of them to hold something in the hand, and for the other to try prying it open. When it was the young man who kept his hand shut, the struggle could go on almost indefinitely. I suppose it led to many engagements and marriages.

When the young people were not walking up and down, or playfully scuffling, they were reading novels; in fact, I do not imagine that anywhere else in the world is there a half, or a tenth part, so much fiction consumed as in the English summer resorts. It is probably of the innutritious lightness of pop-corn; I had never the courage to look at the volumes which I could so easily have overlooked; but I am sure it was all out of the circulating library. As there were, of course, ten young women to one man, most of the girls had to content themselves with the flirtations in the

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books, where, I dare say, the heroines were always prying the heroes' hands open. On every seat one found them poring upon the glowing page, and met them in every walk with a volume under the arm, and another clasped to the heart. At places where the band played, and they were ostensibly listening to the music, they were bowed upon their books, and the flutter of the turning leaves almost silenced the blare of the horns. By what inspiration they knew when "God Save the King" was coming, and rose with a long sigh heaved in common, I should not be able to say. Perhaps they always reached the end of a story at the time the band came to that closing number, or perhaps they felt its imminence in their nerves. The fiction was not confined to the young girls, however. Both sexes and all ages partook of it; I saw as many old girls as young girls reading novels, and mothers of families were apparently as much addicted to the indulgence. I suppose they put by their books when they took tea, which is the other most noticeable dissipation in England. But I cannot enter upon that chapter; it is too large a theme; I will say merely that as the saloons are on Sixth Avenue, so the tea-rooms are in every part of the island.

XI.

It had seemed to me in former visits to England that the Christian Sabbath was a more depressing day there than here, but from the last I have a more cheerful memory of it. I still felt it dispiriting in London, whence as many fled from it as could, and where the empty streets symbolized a world abandoned to destruction; but this was mainly in the forenoon. Even then, the markets and fairs in the avenues given up to them were the scenes of an activity which was not without gayety, and certainly not without noise; and when the afternoon came, the lower classes, such as had remained in town, thronged to the public houses, and the upper classes to the evening parade in the Park. As to the relative amount of church-going, I will not even assume to be sure; but I have a fancy that it is a rite much less rigorous than it used to be. Still, in provincial places, I found the churches full on a Sunday morning, and all who could afford it hallowed the day by putting on a frock coat and a top hat, which are not worn outside of London on week-days. The women, of course, were always in their best on Sun-

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day. Perhaps in the very country the upper classes go to church as much as formerly, but I have my doubts whether they feel so much obliged to it in conformity to usage, or for the sake of example to their inferiors. Where there are abbeys and minsters and cathedrals, as there are pretty well everywhere in England, religion is an attractive spectacle, and one could imagine people resorting to its functions for æsthetic reasons.

But, in these guesses, one must remember that the English who remained at home were never Puritanized, never in such measure personally conscienced, as those who came to America in the times of the successive Protestant fervors; and that is a thing which we are apt to forget. The home-keeping English continued, with changes of ritual, much like the peoples who still acknowledged as their head "the Bishop of Rome." Their greater morality, if it was greater, was temperamental rather than spiritual, and leaving the church to look after religion much more than our Puritans did, they kept a simplicity of nature impossible to the sectaries always taking stock of their souls. In fact, the Calvinists of New England were almost essentially different from the Calvinists of Holland, of France, even of Scotland. If our ancestors were the children of light, as they trusted, they were darkened by the forest, into which they plunged, to certain reasons which the children of darkness, as the Puritans believed the non-Puritans to be, saw by the uncertain glimmers from the world about them. There is no denying that with certain great gains, the American Puritans became, in a worldly sense, provincialized, and that if they lived in the spirit, they lived in it narrowly, while the others who lived in the body, lived in it liberally, or at any rate handsomely. From our narrowness we flattered ourselves that we were able to imagine a life more broadly based than theirs, or at least a life from which theirs must look insufficient and unfinal, so long as man feels within himself the prompting to be something better or higher than he is. Yet the English life is wonderfully perfected. With a faery dream of a king supported in his preeminence by a nobility, a nobility supported in turn by a commonalty, a commonalty supported again by a proletariat resting upon immeasurable ether; with a system of government kept, by assent so general that the dissent does not matter, in the hands of a few families reared, if not trained, to power; with a society so intimately and thoroughly self-acquainted that one

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touch of gossip makes its whole world kin, and responsive to a single emotion; with a charity so wisely studied, and so carefully applied, that restive misery never quite grows rebellious; with a patriotism so inborn and ingrained that all things English seem righteous because English; with a willingness to share the general well-being quite to the verge, but never beyond the verge, of public control of the administration; with all this, the thing must strike the unbelieving observer as desperately perfect. "They have got it down cold," he must say to himself, and confirm himself in his unfaith by reflecting that it is very cold.

XII.

The best observer of England that ever was, he whose book about the English makes all other comment seem idle and superfluous palaver, that Ralph Waldo Emerson whom we always find ahead of us when we look back for him, was once, as he relates in a closing chapter of "English Traits," brought to bay by certain great English friends of his, who challenged him to say whether there really were any Americans with an American idea, and a theory of our future. "Thus challenged, I bethought myself neither of Congress, neither of President nor of cabinet ministers, nor of such as would make of America another Europe. . . . I opened the dogma of no-government and non-resistance, and anticipated the objections and the fun, and procured a kind of hearing for it. I said, It is true that I have never yet seen in any country a man of sufficient valor to stand for this truth, and yet . . . 'tis certain, as God liveth, the gun that does not need another gun, the law of love and justice alone, can effect a clean revolution. . . . I insisted . . . that the manifest absurdity of the view to English feasibility could make no difference to a gentleman; that as to our secure tenure of our mutton-chop and spinage in London or in Boston, the soul might quote Talleyrand, '*Messieurs, je n'en vois pas la nécessité.*'" In other words, Emerson laid before his great English friends a programme, as nearly as might then be, of philosophical anarchism, and naturally it met with no more acceptance than it would if now presented to the most respectable of his American readers. Yet it is never to be forgotten that it was the English who, with all their weight of feudal tradition, and amidst the nightmares to which their faery dream seemed so long subject, invented the only form of Democratic

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Christianity the world has yet known, unless indeed the German Mennonites are the same as the earlier English Quakers were in creed and life. In the pseudo-republic of the Cromwellian commonwealth the English had a state as wholly without liberty, equality and fraternity as in the king-capped oligarchy they had before and have had ever since. We may be sure that they will never have such another commonwealth, or any resembling ours, which can no longer offer itself as an eminent example. The sort of Englishmen of whose respect we can make surest are those English thick-and-thin patriots who admire force and strength, and believe that it is the Anglo-Saxon mission to possess the earth, and to profit by its weaker peoples, not cruelly, not unkindly, yet unquestionably. The Englishmen of whose disrespect we can make surest are those who expect to achieve liberty, equality and fraternity in the economic way, the political way having failed; who do not care whether the head of the state is born or elected, is called "King" or called "President," since he will presently not be at all; who abhor war, and believe that the meek shall inherit the earth, and these only if they work for a living. They have already had their will with the existing English state, until now that state is far more the servant of the people in fetching and carrying, in guarding them from hard masters and succoring them in their need, than the republic which professes to derive its just powers from the consent of the governed. When one encounters this sort of Englishman, one thinks silently of the child labor in the South, of the monopolies in the North, of the companies which govern while they serve us, and one hopes that the Englishman is not silently thinking of them too. He is probably of the lower classes, and one consoles one's self as one can by holding one's head higher in better company, where, without secret self-contempt, one can be more openly proud of our increasing fortunes and our increasing territory, and our warlike adequacy to a first position among the nations of the world. There is no fear that in such company one's national susceptibilities will be wounded, or that one will not be almost as much admired for one's money as at home. I do not say quite, because there are still things in England even more admired than money. Certainly a very rich American would be considered in such English society, but certainly he would not be so much considered as an equally rich Englishman who was also a duke.

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I cannot name a nobleman of less rank, because I will not belittle my rich countryman, but perhaps the English would think differently, and would look upon him as lower than the latest peer or the newest knight of the King's creation. The King, who has no power, can do almost anything in England; and his touch, which is no longer sovereign for scrofula, can add dignity and give absolute standing to a man whose achievements merit it, but who with us would fail of anything like it. The English system is more logical than ours, but not so reasonable. The English have seen from the beginning inequality and the rule of the few. We can hardly prove that we see, in the future, equality and the rule of the many. Yet our vision is doubtless prophetic, whatever obliquities our frequent astigmatism may impart to it. Meantime, in its ampler range there is room for the play of any misgiving short of denial; but the English cannot doubt the justice of what they have seen without forming an eccentric relation to the actual fact. The Englishman who refuses the formal recognition of his distinction by his prince is the anomaly, not the Englishman who accepts it. Gladstone who declines a peerage is anomalous, not Tennyson who takes it. As part of the English system, as a true believer in the oligarchically administered monarchy, Gladstone was illogical, and Tennyson was logical.

W. D. Howells.

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THE INDIAN TOUR OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

BY THEODORE MORISON.

THE future King of England is visiting India this autumn, and the event has a political importance which a similar visit could not possess in a European country. The difference between the political antecedents of India and of the self-governing communities of the West causes the two peoples to set a curiously different value upon the sentiment of loyalty. The remark is true, not only of the loyalty due to a sovereign, but of the willing and spontaneous obedience which is offered to any leader. In the Western Hemisphere loyalty is a temperate sentiment, which seldom overrides the right of private judgment; in India, it is understood to imply unquestioning self-surrender. The reason of the difference is obvious enough. The people of the West have been in the habit of combining together to attain political ends; men have grouped themselves to support or attack certain principles of government; and, in consequence of the existence of political ideals, it has become part of our ethical creed to put measures before men. But the mental activity of India has never been exerted in the direction of politics; and, in the jarring elements which made up the Empire, men looked in vain for a general coordinating principle which would provide a theory of government.

The forces which generally tend to give cohesion to modern nations—religion, race and language—are in India generally antagonistic to the unity of the State. Religion, even in Europe, has as often been a cause of dissension as of union; but in India there is a multitude of religions mutually hostile which are essentially opposed to national unity; neither can race in India afford any common bond of union by the system of caste, for the

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population is split up into so many impervious compartments. Not only do the people come of different races, but the system of caste tends to keep each race separate and to prevent fusion. India is, also, without the unifying influence of a common language and a common literature; it actually happens that the most widely diffused language, Hindustani, is written in two different characters, for Mohammedans generally use the Persian and Hindus the Sanskrit alphabet, so that what should be one literature is artificially divided into two.

A population so distracted cannot find principles of cohesion in the political theories which have united the people of the West. In the midst of these incongruous claims upon their allegiance there is only one political idea which all men can unite to uphold; and that is common obedience to an individual leader. And it is because the people of India have instinctively realized that obedience to a common ruler was the only principle of cohesion possible to them that they have exalted personal loyalty to the rank of a cardinal virtue. Owing to the absence of political life, civic virtues are, on the whole, rarer in India than in the West; but this one virtue of faithfulness to the hand that gives the salt commands their whole-hearted devotion; and conversely *namak param,* or faithless to the salt, is a term of intolerable blame. This exaltation of obedience, this honor paid to self-effacement, tended of course to strengthen irresponsible despotism, but even despotism is preferable to anarchy; and it was a sure instinct which selected for popular approval the one Indian sentiment which made for political security. It was the same popular instinct which could find no principle of political cohesion except in obedience to the monarch that led the people to lavish upon him titles of tenderness which we are surprised to find applied to an Oriental despot; in popular language the King is invoked as the "Bulwark of the World"; even so unromantic a potentate as the workaday English official is habitually addressed as "Protector of the Poor."

Unfortunately, the present system of government in India was not designed with a view to fit it to the political temperament of the people. It has, indeed, achieved auspicious success in providing the material advantages of good government; it has given the country peace in place of internecine war; it has built roads, railways, and canals and organized excellent postal, forest and

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statistical departments; but it has failed to touch the hearts of the people; it affords them no opportunity of gratifying their one political instinct, for it affords no scope for the exercise of personal loyalty. It is so absolutely impersonal that a forgotten humorist of the Civil Service used to describe it as "government by a despatch-box, occasionally tempered by the loss of the key." The official theory is that the local officers are but cogs and wheels in the administrative machinery, and their activity is controlled by regulations and circulars based upon the statistical information which is tabulated at headquarters; as one officer may be assumed to be as competent as another to execute orders, the Secretariat does not scruple to transfer either of them from one end of the country to the other. Every officer, from the Viceroy down to the District Superintendent of Police, is constantly on the move; and the people, bewildered by the rapid succession of unfamiliar magistrates, are unable to fix their affections upon any individual personification of government.

But, in spite of the uncongenial character of the administration, the people have found a way to gratify their national instinct; they have, as it were, discovered the sovereign for themselves and magnified his importance in the government of India. In a strictly practical interpretation of the constitution, the Emperor of India does not exercise much influence upon the course of public affairs; he very rarely addresses his Indian subjects directly, nor are Government measures taken in his name to the same extent as in England; and yet, in the thoughts of the people, he occupies a position of predominant importance. It is to him that their sincerest loyalty is offered; and probably the only sentiment which is without reservation favorable to the existing order is the affection felt for the Royal Family. Reason may convince the people that the English domination is preferable to any possible alternative, but it cannot make that domination palatable, whereas their hearts prompt them to offer their unselfish allegiance to the person of the King. I believe it is no exaggeration to say that King Edward is, politically, the most powerful personage in India; if the country were reduced to anarchy, he would have a much better chance than any other aspirant of obtaining the supreme control.

The death of Queen Victoria was the occasion of an exhibition of feeling the profoundness of which surprised even the

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natives of the country; they declared that women, secluded from the world in the female apartments, were weeping for the loss of the Great Queen. I saw men in public places shed tears as upon the occasion of a great public calamity. It is said that in the villages, to which the news spread with amazing rapidity, men foreboded the coming of great trouble; the Bulwark of the World was dead; who in future, they asked, would shield them from adversity? It is, of course, true that the nobility of the late Queen's character inspired a peculiar tenderness and reverence among her Indian subjects, which occasionally manifested itself in forms that the well-educated West would condemn as superstitious. It was, for instance, rumored among the common people of Bombay that the plague was a punishment sent by Heaven upon that city because an unknown malefactor had disfigured the statue of the Queen, and public opinion appears to have acquiesced in the righteousness of the judgment. But, even in the Queen's lifetime, it was recognized that the warm feelings of loyalty which she evoked were owed to her family and not only to herself. I knew an old Mohammedan official who used to be very indignant at the importance of Gladstone in the settlement of public affairs. "Gladstone! Who is Gladstone?" he used to say; "he is a Government servant like myself; why should I give way to his judgment? Now, if it were the Prince of Wales [the present King] I would give my life for him!"

Such being the state of Indian feeling, it will readily be understood why the visit of the Prince of Wales is an event of great political importance. The loyalty felt for a shadowy personage, of whom the people know only by hearsay, becomes tenfold more real and definite when it is associated with a concrete personality; and the object of the present tour is to bring the Prince into personal contact with the people over whom he is one day to reign. From this tour they will derive an impression of what manner of man the future Emperor of India is, and these impressions will be circulated and become part of the general opinion of the country. It is surprising how many stories are still repeated in Indian society about the visit of King Edward, and they all illustrate that considerate courtesy which the people of India have recognized as his distinctive characteristic and by means of which he was able, according to the stories, to find a way out of the novel embarrassments with which he

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was sometimes confronted in India. It is related, for instance, that he was once entertained at a state dinner by an Oriental potentate who was little familiar with the social customs of the West. While he was talking to his royal guest, a servant handed him a dish of potatoes, into which the chief, lapsing unconsciously into the simplicity of Eastern manners, dipped his hand and took out a potato with his fingers. He was covered with confusion upon realizing the indecorum of his behavior; thereupon King Edward signed to the servant to hand the dish to him, and, dipping his hand into it, took out a potato and ate it with his fingers in the sight of the whole table. I do not know whether the story is apocryphal or not, but it certainly reflects the opinion which his Indian subjects have formed of King Edward. And there is no doubt that, from the royal visit this winter, stories will be put into circulation which will summarize the Indian reading of the Prince's character.

The royal party is to go over very much the same ground as is covered by the ordinary cold-weather visitor to India; but the object of this extensive tour is not primarily to see the sights of India, but to become acquainted with as many classes and types of Indian society as possible. The Prince's plan was to land early in November in Bombay, a city in which, more than anywhere else, Indian society has assumed a Western complexion. Even the Indian ladies, everywhere the most vigorous opponents of European innovations, have relaxed something of their conservatism in Bombay, and appear in public places in the inimitable grace of their silken draperies. From the bustling streets of Bombay the Prince will pass into the medieval quiet of Rajputana. As in each little state he draws near the capital that nestles at the foot of the rocky citadel, the Rajah will come forth to meet him on a towering elephant, followed by his feudal retainers armed with spears and matchlocks. Thence the Prince goes to the Panjab as far north as Peshawar, a city of central Asia rather than India, whose bazars are thronged with Afghans, Turcomans and Persians. From this point he turns south to Delhi, where it is officially announced that he will inspect Lord Kitchener's camp, and in no place could the heir of Akbar and Shah Jehan more fittingly receive the homage of the Indian army than in the city of the Great Moghul. The historic capital of Hindustan has been shorn of most of its splendor, and on one

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side presents a melancholy picture of desolation. For miles to the southwest the ruins of mosques and fortresses encumber the fields, the corn stands high in the courtyards of palaces, and the peasant used, until the coming of Lord Curzon, to stable his cattle in the tombs of forgotten kings.

From Delhi, the Prince will proceed through Agra, Gwalior and Lucknow to Calcutta, the official capital of British India, where, no doubt, will be presented to him the various dignitaries who make up the Government of India. But Calcutta is not primarily an official city, it is the capital of Bengal and the centre of the intellectual activity of the Bengalis, who, whether for good or for evil, exercise a very considerable influence upon opinion throughout India. The politicians of Calcutta are, perhaps, the least temperate of the critics of the Indian Government; but, for that very reason, it is desirable that the Prince should have an opportunity of meeting a few of the foremost public men of Bengal. The great service which the Prince can render to the state, and which can only be rendered by himself or the King, is to strengthen by personal ascendency the ties of loyalty to the Crown, and in no province is this service more needed than in Bengal. The Prince cannot, of course, allay political discontent; but he may generate another sentiment which would counteract the secessionist tendency.

Upon this, his first, visit the Prince can only take a hasty survey of the social and political problems of India; but even this might be highly important, if it were looked upon as a preliminary investigation to ascertain whether the great political potentialities of the Royal Family could not be employed to serve a great public end. The question to be considered is whether the Prince of Wales, or, failing the Prince of Wales, some other member of the Royal Family, could not be brought into the Government of India. The following outline of the part which the Prince might play in the administration is merely intended to suggest a basis of discussion. Under the present system, the head of the Indian Government is known indifferently as the Viceroy or as the Governor-General, and he discharges two distinct functions which need not necessarily be united in the same person. He is, in the first place, the representative of the Sovereign and, as such, discharges a number of important social and ceremonial duties; and he is, secondly, a very hard-worked

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minister, who exercises an active supervision over all the departments of Government. I submit that these two functions might in future be separated. The Prince of Wales, or some other member of the Royal Family, might be created Viceroy of India to act as the representative of the King-Emperor; and the duties of the Governor-General might then be discharged by a private person, who would be the First Minister of the Crown; in Indian phraseology, the Prince-Viceroy would be the Rajah and the Governor-General would be his Diwan. The functions to be assigned to the Governor-General present no difficulty, for they would be substantially the same as he discharges at present in his ministerial capacity; he would simply be relieved of the duty of representing the Sovereign, and would thus gain leisure and quiet in which to devote himself to the business of the State.

The position of the Prince-Viceroy in the Government must be more precisely defined. Substantially, he would play the same part in India as is played in Europe by a constitutional monarch; he would stand aloof from politics and not interfere personally in the administration, but on all public occasions he would appear as the representative of the Emperor. In British India alone, investitures, reviews and entertainment of foreign notables constitute a considerable tale of work; and, in addition to these, there is the enormously important duty of receiving the feudatory chiefs, who, between them, govern as much as one-third of the Indian continent. These are functions which are at present discharged by the head of the Indian Government, though necessarily in a somewhat perfunctory manner. It would be a public gain that they should be transferred to a Royal Prince, who would bring to them greater leisure and long familiarity with courtly ceremonial. But, in addition to these duties, there is a great work to be accomplished which can only be undertaken by an official head of society. Ever since the English took over the government of the country, Indian society has been deprived of its natural leaders; there has never been, properly speaking, a court at Simla or Calcutta, and the heads of Government in the district capitals have been hard-worked English officials, who have had neither leisure nor aptitude to take the lead in Indian society. But the need of some recognized head of society is every year being more keenly felt as Indians are reconstructing their social life upon European lines. The most vitally

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important questions of the day in India are not political but social questions, and it is in the solution of these great problems that the most important duties of the Prince-Viceroy would lie, and in regard to which he would be able to exercise a far greater beneficial influence than any minister who is necessarily associated with controversial politics. The Prince-Viceroy would naturally associate himself with all the movements by which the people aim at promoting the prosperity of the country by their own exertions—such, for instance, as the spread of education, the amelioration of the condition of woman's life, the development of agriculture and the economic resources of the country; and his countenance would in a variety of ways give strength and importance to that large number of social movements which nowadays absorb the energies of the most earnest public men in India. This is a domain in which the sympathetic cooperation of Englishmen is always highly valued. The countenance of the Prince-Viceroy would speed the cause of social reform and be enthusiastically welcomed by Indian philanthropists; it would also win for him devoted adherents among the most eminent public men of India. His cooperation would necessarily be confined to non-controversial movements, but that would not materially curtail the scope of his activities, as the great obstacle to reform in India is not prejudice but apathy. The great object which the Prince-Viceroy could achieve would be the creation of the habit of working with the head of the Government, and of looking to the representative of the Emperor for encouragement and guidance in the attainment of public ends.

There will necessarily always be considerable divergence of opinion between English officials and Indian politicians upon the extent to which the administration can be entrusted to the people of the country, and the estrangement which this unending controversy breeds shows no signs of closing up, and thus a disruptive tendency is created which there is nothing in the present system to counteract. But, as already pointed out, a valuable conservative spirit will be evoked when the head of the Government is intimately associated with an influential body of men who are known to be working for the public good; and thus the association of the Prince with the leaders of Indian opinion, joined to the genius of the Indian people for loyalty, might in time create a sentiment averse to a rupture from the British Crown.

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A Viceroy who would exercise such an influence upon Indian opinion would have to stay longer in the country than the five years which are at present allotted to him by constitutional custom; a term of ten years would not be too long for such a task. That is a considerable portion of his life for any man to spend away from home, but the high sense of public duty which is traditional in the descendants of Queen Victoria is a ground for believing that the Prince would not refuse to make this sacrifice. It may also not unreasonably be urged that, since the Himalayas and the uplands of the Neilgherries have become accessible from the plains, India is no longer an unpleasant or unhealthy country to live in, and the Prince-Viceroy would not be debarred from visiting Europe during his tenure of office, and for his exile there would be compensations in the supremely important and interesting character of his work. It might, no doubt, be urged that of all the Royal Princes England would least willingly spare the Prince of Wales; but no member of the Royal Family could attempt the task which lies before him in India so successfully as the Heir Apparent; for, even when he had returned to England and mounted the throne, his Hindu and Mohammedan subjects would remember that the Emperor of India was the man whom they had served and with whom they had worked in earlier days, and their loyalty to the Crown would be real, vivid and personal.

I feel sure that the true basis of Imperial rule in India is to be sought in the loyal affection of the people for the Royal Family and that political stability cannot be secured by the extension of popular government. The reason for this is that loyalty to an individual is in the first place congenial to the temper of the people, and that in the second it spares them the humiliation which must otherwise necessarily attach to the domination of one race over another. It is already evident that the concession of merely political privileges will not allay the rising tide of disaffection; the shortcomings of the Government are not the real causes of this discontent, but the ignominy of being a conquered people. This is a grievance which cannot be removed as long as they are constrained by force to remain within the circle of the British Empire, unless they can acquire the habit of feeling that their allegiance is not offered to the British people, but to the Emperor who sits upon the throne of Asoka and Shah Jehan.

THEODORE MORISON.

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INSURANCE FOR WORKING-MEN.

BY FRANK A. VANDERLIP.

EVERY business man recognizes the changes which have been going on in industrial life in the last generation. There have been tendencies toward specialization and concentration. There has been a remarkable application of mechanical aids. We have been working toward production on a vast scale. This has created an industrial army the rank and file of which tend more and more toward becoming mere automatic wheels in the great industrial organization. The new industrial order has made a new social order. There is to-day no such thing as industrial independence possible for a working-man. He must become subject to regulations in common with his fellows, and work in harmony with the new industrial conditions.

So long as the individual can actively fill his place in this new order of affairs, his condition shows great improvement in many respects. The moment he gets out of harmony with the whirl of the industrial machine, however, the moment that sickness overtakes him or accident injures him or old age reduces his power to keep in step with the industrial march, his condition is likely to become incomparably more unfortunate than would have been the case under similar circumstances in earlier times.

All business men recognize clearly enough a changed order of affairs in industrial and commercial life. They know that they must shape their business methods so as to harmonize with the new order of things. They know that they must cooperate in many ways with their fellows, must share with them their risks, must help to sustain them in their misfortunes. They know that they have lost in the new order of things a certain amount of independence. It ought not to be difficult, then, for them to see that their employees are also in the midst of a changed condition,

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and that principles which apply to the relations between the State and citizens have been undergoing change. I believe that the reason why manufacturers are interested in the subject of working-men's pensions is to be found in the fundamental change which has been going on in industrial affairs. Their interest logically follows the evolution of economic laws; and, if we are to seek for a secure foundation upon which to rest judgment in regard to this question of working-men's pensions, we will find it in an analysis of economic conditions rather than in sentimental consideration or charitable ebullition.

Nations older than we are came earlier to a consideration of this subject. The place where the greatest progress has been made in an experiment in working-men's pensions is Germany. The German system of working-men's insurance is the most important experiment in progress in the world, in the way of a government-aided sociological institution. The importance of it is hardly understood in America, nor is its extent realized. It pervades every phase of the industrial field. Twenty millions of Germany's fifty-six millions of population are eligible to these benefits; and the cost of administration falls alike on these beneficiaries and upon all other citizens of the Empire. The total receipts, from its organization up to the end of this year, will have aggregated almost $2,000,000,000. The receipts this year will approximate $150,000,000. A satisfactory feature of the German state insurance system is that the benefits paid out correspond very closely with the premiums paid in. The expense of administration, considering the enormous number of individuals concerned and the fact that weekly contributions are collected from employees, is surprisingly small. It averages under nine per cent.

There are three great divisions of working-men's insurance in Germany. These are insurance against sickness, against accident and against want in old age. The fund for insurance against sickness is provided in the main by the employees; the employers contribute, roughly, one-third and the workmen two-thirds. Employers are charged with the entire burden of maintaining the accident insurance fund; while the fund for old-age insurance is contributed to equally by employers and employees, and is augmented by a subsidy from the Government, which is nearly equal to the total expense of administering the whole system.

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It is quite impossible to enter into a detailed explanation of the German system of working-men's insurance. I know of no other problem of administration where the details are so complicated. Not only are there three distinct systems of insurance, but there are complications of Government participation in the funds and of a division of the authority of administration between Government officials and some twenty-five thousand local organizations. Whatever view one might hold in regard to the benefits of the system, there could be no difference of opinion in regard to this method of administration. It is certainly too complicated to transplant to any other country.

The principles underlying the theory of German workmen's insurance might be briefly summarized in this way: The German nation was, in a few years, transformed from an agricultural country into an industrial State. An evolution at the same time was in progress in the field of industry, which resulted in the highest specialization of work and the greatest development of the factory system. These all combined to create a practically new social order of things, and necessitated an enunciation of new principles in regard to the duty of the community toward the individual. These principles are fundamental in character and novel in political life. The Germans argue that, no matter how free they may be politically, they cannot possibly be economically independent because of the intricate and complicated modern system of industry. The individual in spite of himself becomes a part of the industrial order and is so placed that it is difficult, if not impossible, for him to extricate himself from his misfortune should he be overtaken by accident or sickness, or should he reach a dependent old age. In the new industrial order, the liability to accident is greatly increased, and that in itself demands new means for meeting such a condition.

The development of the working-men's insurance idea in Europe has been, in large measure, the logical result of efforts to reform the law relating to the liability of employers for accidents to their employees. Under the old law, the employer was responsible only for accidents which resulted directly from his fault or the fault of his agents, and he bore the consequence only after the injured employee succeeded in legally establishing the proof of that fault. Europe has seen more plainly than we have the injustice of such a condition.

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When such legal principles were evolved, establishments were small, the employer was in intimate relation with the employee, and it was comparatively easy to determine the responsibility. With the growth of large-scale production and the introduction of complicated and dangerous machinery, the whole system became so complex that it was extremely difficult to trace responsibility. The result was that, as a rule, the full weight of suffering from an accident fell upon the injured employee. Here in America we have gone even further. We have perfected organizations for insuring, not the employee against accident, but the employer against liability. These organizations are not to indemnify the injured, but rather to indemnify the employer for the costs of fighting in the courts the claims of the injured. No doubt, employers have not been without reason for wishing such indemnification. There are professional damage-hunters, and lawyers who might better be in jail than in court. There are juries which have determined verdicts on the consideration whether or not the defendant was a corporation, rather than upon the facts presented to them; but even these evils do not warrant the manner in which we throw the burden of accidents upon the injured.

Accident insurance, as developed in Germany, has been something more than merely the providing of an indemnity. It has been, in fact, an insurance against accidents. This definite placing of the responsibility for accidents has led to much study by employers and employees of regulations providing for safeguards. Such study has accomplished remarkable results in the reduction of the number of accidents, and has become a great economic factor in removing the danger from the industrial calling. Under the influence of this study, the frequency of accidents has been reduced one-half. Viewed from an economic standpoint alone, the saving which has resulted in the national economy has been a vast sum. We are strikingly careless of life in America. The statistics of railway injuries and fatalities are a disgrace. In the rush of our industrial expansion we have neglected to provide many of the obviously necessary safeguards. From whatever aspect we may regard the subject, we will, on any broad view of it, find that the adoption of some of the European regulations and safeguards will be of great national advantage.

The second division of the German insurance system, and the one that seems to have most fully demonstrated its value, is the

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sick insurance fund. Apart from the more obviously advantageous features of this sick insurance system, there are others which are of the highest economic importance and well worth emphasizing. The system is having a profound effect on the whole physical welfare of the German nation. The general level of vitality, and hence of working capacity, is being distinctly raised as a result of it. The activities in the sick insurance field are not confined to the mere payment of the indemnity during a period of illness. The sick insurance not only makes it possible for a workman who is ill to take at once the necessary time for recovery, but it provides him with the best medical attention while he is ill; and, while in health, it gives hygienic supervision and instruction which are of the greatest value in preventing sickness. Under the operation of this system, there is being spent, in the most intelligent manner, something like $50,000,000 a year in the treatment and care of the sick.

The testimony in regard to the value of the work done in the sick insurance system is almost universally favorable. It would be hard to calculate its economic importance, but it is so great that it has become one of the leading factors in helping Germany to the industrial preeminence which she is gaining.

There is undoubtedly, here and there, ground for criticism. Lazy patients occasionally sham illness. There are workmen who would rather lie in bed with a small income than work for a larger one. But the principal effect of this sick insurance is of economic value in the industrial development of the German Empire out of all proportion to the burden which is laid upon employers.

The first two divisions of the German insurance scheme, providing for indemnities against accident and sickness, must commend themselves to every investigator of the subject.

There is now left to consider the third division, the German old-age pension system, which is the least important and the most criticised feature of the German workmen's insurance institution. The contributions which it calls for are very small, and the final pension provision is generally regarded by the workmen as entirely inadequate. Although the employers contribute an amount equal to that contributed by the workmen, and the Government finally adds a considerable subsidy, there still is less general satisfaction among the workmen with this division of the insurance scheme than with the others. The reason for that lies,

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in a measure, in the perversities of human nature. The contributions, small as they are, are collected every week, and are a constant reminder to youth of a sacrifice being made for problematical benefits a long way in the future. The benefits of the accident and sick insurance are more directly at hand. The workmen themselves are more intimately related to the administration of the first two funds.

There is a pretty general demand for an increase of the old-age pension. When it is remembered that the contributions from the men range from 6 to 15 cents a week, and that these payments return an annual pension after seventy years of age of $27.50 to $60, it is easily recognized that there is ground for complaint as to the smallness of the amount. There is a general demand among the workmen for a reduction in the age limit. Sixty-five years is considered a desirable time for the pension to begin, rather than seventy.

One incidental feature of the administration of the German system which is proving of very great value is the way in which the sick and accident funds are administered by committees made up of employers and working-men. Employers and workmen come together on common ground. They are working toward common ends. With the responsibility of administration on their shoulders, radical Socialists become conservative. With the broader view which close association with employees brings, the employers are benefited. The fact that, in the twenty-five thousand administrative organizations, workmen and employers have been brought together to give harmonious consideration to the means for accomplishing a common end is proving of immense importance in maintaining pleasant relations between capital and labor.

As the German system of working-men's insurance is the most important experiment of the sort in the world, I have been at some pains to ascertain at first hand just what German manufacturers and men of affairs think about it, feeling that it would be interesting to business men to know what is thought of this institution by German employers. With that in view, I addressed a series of questions to a considerable number of the most prominent manufacturers and other representative men in Germany; and from the replies which I have received, it is clear that, in the main, the views held are distinctly favorable to the institution,

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although in the details of its administration there is found ground for criticism. The idea seems to be general that the system works for patriotic loyalty to the Government on the part of the working people. The earlier idea of the State in the workmen's mind was based largely on the policeman, the sheriff and the tax-gatherer. The State always took something. Now a person who watches a post-office money-order department on the first of the month, sees the people drawing their insurance money. For the first time the workman looks upon the State as a giver. More than a million marks a day are paid out to them in this way; and the result, in the way of developing patriotic regard for the Government, is excellent.

None of my correspondents claimed that the effect has been to make the workman contented. The Empire is new. Germany's industrial prominence is new. One cannot separate the effect of this insurance and say that certain good results are due to it alone. That the workman is not content must be admitted, nor is the man who makes a million contented. The workman has had this new set of rights and privileges given to him, and his eyes are opened to the possibilities of more rights and greater privileges. His discontent, however, is due not to faults of the pension system, but rather to a desire for an extension of its benefits.

The system is thought to have a good influence in preventing a tendency toward Socialism. Most of the workmen who are members of the administrative committees are Social Democrats. My correspondents state that it is simply wonderful to see how the most radical political shouters quiet down when they find themselves members of a committee discussing grave matters and charged with the responsibility of important decisions.

I asked my German friends their opinion as to whether or not it would be advantageous for America to adopt a working-men's pension scheme. Their replies to that question are illuminating. This is what the manager of one of the greatest German industries said:

"I think the general opinion in Germany is that in America the creation of large funds under Government control would cause great temptation for their misappropriation. Their collection and distribution would be too dependent upon politics. This opinion seems largely justified in view of the instances of maladministration that so many of your Government Departments have recently furnished. The German opinion is that the American citizen is as yet too individual in his honesty

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and efficiency. Collectively, as exhibited in the government of your municipalities and of the State, you seem to us weak in economical and effective business management and financial integrity."

This is not a pleasant criticism, but there is more justice in it than we might wish.

Another correspondent, eminent in both industrial and public life in Germany, says:

"The German nation believes that it can conscientiously recommend the introduction of the system of workmen's insurance into other countries; but, so far as the United States is concerned, such a system does not seem as great a necessity as in other countries. Wages are higher in America and the workmen better capable of providing for the future. There is no doubt that the introduction of compulsory insurance would produce a social line of demarkation between those who are obliged to submit to the law and those who are exempt, and we doubt if the people of America would look upon such a social classification with favor. It cannot be denied that, with the German system, there is a certain amount of tutelage which the American workman, in consequence of his independence, would bitterly resent. Should the system ever be introduced, I do not believe it would be wise to entrust it to the various States. It will be more beneficial if brought under the control of the Federal Government."

In every Continental country, the political questions which occupy the foremost position in parliamentary consideration are measures designed to improve the condition of the laboring population. We are apt to think of ourselves as a republic more swayed by the democratic voice of the people than are other nations. It strikes an American as curious to find that, in monarchical Europe, Governments everywhere are paying the closest heed to the public will. This, of course, is true in small measure in Russia; but in France, Germany, Belgium, Italy and Holland particularly, and in Austria-Hungary and Spain to a less degree, the foremost subjects of legislation are concerned with questions of improving the condition of the laboring people.

With the exception of the United States, all the great Powers of the civilized world pension their civil servants.

The question of civil pensions in the United States is one which deserves serious consideration. The full working out of the merit system in civil service can never be accomplished until we recognize the principle of a pension for superannuated Government employees. There is no other important nation which has not recognized that principle. It is doubtful if there

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are any men who have ever been charged with the responsibility of an appointive office in the Government service who have not come to recognize that need, and who have not been won over to the belief that it would be an economy in Government administration if a proper system of civil pensions were devised.

When we turn from the foreign field to what has actually been accomplished in the way of old-age pensions in this country, there will be found much that is interesting. A careful canvass has been made of railroads and large business corporations in America to ascertain the number of such corporations which have been led to adopt some sort of old-age pensions. To an inquiry reaching nearly two thousand corporations, replies show that seventy have adopted some plan for retiring and providing for employees during old age. Without a single exception the corporations which have adopted such a plan expressed the opinion, after having had an opportunity to note its effects, that it is a wise business practice. Among the corporations having a pension system are some of the most important in the United States. Some four hundred companies replied that they had the matter under serious consideration, and that they were convinced that the principle was sound from a business view-point.

More than thirty years ago, the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada adopted a pension system which has been growing in importance and has continually given good reason for commendation from both the officials and the employees. Fifteen years ago, the Baltimore and Ohio followed suit. In 1900, the Pennsylvania Railroad and the First National Bank of Chicago formulated pension systems; and the following year the Pennsylvania Lines West of Pittsburg and the Illinois Central adopted pension plans. In 1902, the Andrew Carnegie Relief Fund, with its $4,000,000 benefaction, was organized; and half a dozen important railroads, including the Southern Pacific, the Chicago and Northwestern and Canadian Pacific, became convinced that the scheme was wise.

The most notable step which has been taken in America was accomplished this year by the great Carnegie benefaction of $10,000,000, for providing pensions for college professors. This act of America's Great Philanthropist has received more approval than any other of his vast benefactions, and it promises a marked and beneficial effect on our system of higher education.

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As a rule, those American corporations which have adopted the old-age pension system have treated the matter in the light of deferred wages, the corporations bearing the entire expense of the pension requirements. The method of the Pennsylvania Railroad is typical of this form.

In a word, the Pennsylvania Railroad retires upon a pension all officers and employees compulsorily at the age of seventy, and it may retire them between the ages of sixty-five and seventy, provided they have been thirty years in the service.

The amount of the pension varies with the years of service, and with the average monthly pay for ten years preceding retirement. The average monthly pay for the ten years is the basis and the pension is one per cent. of that amount for each year of service. The Company reserves the right to alter this basis whenever the allowance made under it shall demand an annual expenditure in excess of $390,000.

When the Pennsylvania officials were examining the subject, they found that nearly every important railroad system in the world, outside of America, had provided in some form for the retirement of old employees. The basis of the plans adopted by all the foreign corporations and governments contemplated contributions on the part of the men. That was not in accordance with the ideas of the Pennsylvania officials. In that case, the Company wished to assume all the expense involved; and, in that respect, the practice of the Pennsylvania Company and of most other American corporations is at variance with the accepted practice elsewhere in the world. Another method, of which a typical example is that of the First National Bank of Chicago, provides for contributions to the pension fund by both employer and employee.

In respect to the age of retirement, there is a fair amount of unanimity in all plans. The majority of the schemes fix the age at sixty-five. A number of them, the Pennsylvania Railroad being an example, give some play to the judgment of employing officers so far as the retention of employees between the ages of sixty-five and seventy is concerned. The Carnegie Company retires men at the age of sixty and the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada at the age of fifty-five.

As a general rule, in the plans thus far adopted in this country, specified length of service is required as a condition precedent

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to obtaining a pension. The Canadian Pacific, Illinois Central and Baltimore and Ohio Railroads have fixed that term of service at ten years. The Carnegie Company and the First National Bank of Chicago fixed it at fifteen. The Southern Pacific and its allied lines make it twenty years, while the Pennsylvania Railroad and a number of Eastern roads make it necessary for an employee to have been thirty years in their service. On the other hand, the Philadelphia and Reading has adopted a very broad plan. On that railroad, any faithful employee, irrespective of age or of length of service, who is injured in the performance of duty, or becomes incapacitated through sickness, may be awarded such a pension as the president of the company determines.

Practically without exception those American railroads which have adopted the pension system provide the entire fund out of which pension allowances are paid. The Grand Trunk Railway requires a contribution of two-and-a-half per cent. of the monthly wages. The First National Bank of Chicago requires a contribution of three per cent. While the employee contributes to the fund, provision is always made for the return of his payments in case he severs his connection with the service.

The reasons why institutions in the United States are beginning to adopt old-age pension schemes, embrace such considerations as these:

The pension attaches the employee to the service, and thus decreases the liability to strike. It makes more certain a continuance of efficient men in the lines of work with which they are perfectly familiar. Of quite as much importance is the fact that a pension system enables employers to dispense with the elderly and inefficient, and thus gives constant encouragement to good effort on the part of younger men hoping for promotion. When employees realize that unsatisfactory conduct may at any time lose them, not only their present positions,—a loss which, in such a labor-market as ours, might be easily made good,—but that it entails further the loss of a very valuable asset, the employee's right to a pension, the incentive to good conduct is greatly increased. It operates especially as a means to retain men between the ages of forty and fifty, when they have acquired the experience and skill which make them specially valuable, and prevents their being tempted away by slightly increased wages for a temporary period.

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Those business institutions which have adopted the old-age pension scheme have not done so from sentimental considerations, but rather from considerations of economy and efficiency of administration. They have found that, when provision is made for those who are too old to render efficient service, every man who recognizes that at some time he may become eligible to such benefits will be under strong inducements for good behavior. In financial institutions particularly, if men are removed from anxiety for the future, they are much more apt to devote their best efforts exclusively to their careers, and to be in less danger of diverting their energies into side channels of money-making—which may easily lead them on to dangerous ground.

No one can doubt that there is weight in these reasons. On the other hand, they certainly do not in themselves lead to the conclusion that we are ready for a compulsory system of old-age pensions which should be under the Government's supervision. With such study as I have been able to give to the subject, I could not, at the present time, go further than to say that it is eminently one for careful painstaking study. I do not believe the German system could be transplanted here in anything like its entirety. I am, however, perfectly confident that those features of the German system pertaining to sick and accident insurance are of enormous value to the national economy, and are producing results out of all proportion to their cost.

That there is to be development of the industrial pension idea is as inevitable as the laws of economic progress. Whether that development should be directed by the Government, or whether it can best find expression through the individual action of corporations, I am not prepared to offer an opinion. But it is beyond question that the matter is worthy of thorough scientific study. There is a scarcity of literature in English on the subject, and what has been printed is now mainly in the form of scattered articles and buried reports.

A commission which would give the subject a thorough investigation and would put the results of that investigation into such shape that we could grasp the significance of what has been done, would be of great value.

FRANK A. VANDERLIP.

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A DEMOCRAT IN THE PHILIPPINES.

BY FRANCIS G. NEWLANDS, UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM NEVADA.

WHEN Secretary Taft invited me to accompany him on his trip to the Philippines, I hesitated. I had been opposed from the start to the acquisition of the Islands. On the day following Dewey's victory I had personally urged President McKinley to order his fleet to Cuba, insisting that the purpose of the war was not to conquer the Philippines, but to free Cuba, upon whose soil we had not yet landed a soldier. After Spain passed her scant title to us, I had urged that we should hold the Islands in trust for the Filipino people, that we should make an immediate declaration of our purpose to grant them independence and that we should take steps to quickly accomplish this purpose.

I had no illusions regarding the Filipino people. I did not believe them fitted for democratic methods of government, nor that they could quickly develop into a homogeneous people, or act with unity of purpose. I thought it probable that, if we left them to themselves, there would be civil war and continued disorder, until some foreign Power should intervene, or one race should gain the mastery over the others, or the leadership of some masterful man should result in military dictatorship.

Whilst these consequences might be deplorable, I did not deem it our duty to attempt to avert them by subjugating the numerous races of the archipelago. If the Filipino people were to be killed, it were better that they should kill each other than that we should kill them; or if they were to be conquered by a foreign Power, that some other country should undertake the destructive task. Besides, I believed that the proper evolution of the Filipino people was not to be accomplished through subjection to an alien people, but through the slow process of self-development by which nations have risen to strength and power.

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I was concerned more for our own people and institutions than for the Filipino people or their institutions. I felt that a great nation, established for the first time in the history of the world upon the basic principle that just government rests upon the consent of the governed and that taxation and representation are inseparable, should not qualify ideals which had advanced democratic institutions everywhere. I felt that our institutions were endangered by an intense commercialism, which had lowered the standards of municipal, State and national life, and that our concern should be to save democracy at home rather than to promote imperialism abroad.

Such were my views regarding the Philippines; but the country had in two campaigns decided that the Philippines should be retained. Whilst my views had not changed, I felt the futility of further contention, and feared that a trip to the Philippines would simply be a waste of time.

But I also recognized the fact that the two parties, as represented by their leaders, Roosevelt and Bryan, did not stand far apart. Bryan from the start had insisted that there should be an immediate declaration of our purpose to grant independence to the Filipinos. Roosevelt, in a recent message, had declared that it was his firm belief that the United States could help the Filipinos to rise higher and higher in the scale of civilization and capacity for self-government, and that it was his earnest hope that in the end they would be able to stand, if not entirely alone, yet in some such relation to the United States as that in which Cuba now stands.

It was clear, therefore, that the best men of both parties were now intent upon solving the question in a manner consistent with the theory and the traditions of our government.

The most potent factor in this dispassionate view of the question had been Judge Taft, whose fixed determination to conduct the government of the Philippines in the interest of the Filipino people as a sacred trust, uncontrolled by selfish considerations, had aroused the moral sentiment and challenged the admiration of the country. I felt that the invitation of such a man to members of the opposite party to accompany him upon his proposed trip of inspection, affording, as it did, opportunity for non-partisan consideration of the Philippine question, was not to be lightly regarded, and I concluded to accept the invitation.

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The Filipino People.—At almost every city and town we visited we were entertained by processions representing the army, the native scouts and constabulary, the various industries and the schools, as well as by banquets in which leading Filipinos participated. We also had hearings of those interested in the various agricultural and business pursuits, and those who had suggestions and complaints to make regarding existing political conditions. From my observations and inquiry, I should say that the Filipinos are an interesting people and capable of much development. The children learn English with great facility, and there seems to be a general desire among all classes for education, the night schools being crowded by those who are occupied during the day. The total population is about 7,000,000. The number of children of school age (7 to 15) is over 2,000,000, of whom only about one-sixth are enrolled. I was told that there was much eagerness to attend the schools, but that insufficiency of funds prevented the increase of the enrolment.

We listened to the Filipino leaders at banquets and public meetings. They had, as a rule, pleasing voices, of a vibrant tone that appealed to the emotions, and I have no doubt that they would be very potent in influencing the masses of their people. They carried themselves with dignity and self-control. They showed much familiarity with our struggle for independence, and spoke persuasively, earnestly and eloquently regarding the aspirations of their people for independence. But it was not apparent that they had much conception of the individual rights and the fundamental liberties which independence should secure. It is impossible that they could have. The educated class constitutes a very small percentage of the population. Most of them had been trained under the Spanish government of dishonesty and graft, in which almost every official was the oppressor, certainly not the servant, of the people, and under which the peasants, constituting about ninety per cent. of the population, were exploited by the official and influential classes, both Spanish and Filipinos. These peasants are said to be patient, submissive, easily influenced and easily led. Under the influence of their leaders, the patient agricultural peasants of to-day become the ladrones or the fanatical pulijanes or the patriotic insurrectos, or all combined, of to-morrow. They have been accustomed to the Oriental system, represented by rulers such as sultans, datos and caciques, head-

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men who direct the energies of their people, and to whose will the peasant class is subject.

That the peasants also desire independence cannot be doubted. They would prefer to be led and governed by their own leaders, even though the latter have in view their industrial subjection. I am satisfied, from what I have seen and heard in the Philippines, that there can be no permanent friendliness between the Filipinos and the Americans. The Filipino people, as a rule, wish a national life, even though most of them have no real conception of what liberty means.

The Islands were not quiet. A long and expensive campaign had been waged in Cavite against the ladrones, necessitating martial law and the reconcentration of the natives, who were disposed to shelter and protect them.

Samar had been in confusion, as the result of the outbreak of the pulijanes or "red breeches," the mountain people of that Island, in an insurrectionary movement, half religious and fanatical, and half protest against the native officials, who, though elected under American administration, thought their offices justified Spanish and Oriental extortion and oppression. All these movements taxed to the full the strength of the scouts and the constabulary forces.

Present Conditions in the Philippines.—In contrast with the beautiful appearance of the Islands was the doleful story of the people. Added to the ravages of the civil war with Spain, and of our war of conquest, were the disasters caused by cholera, rinderpest, surra, the locusts and typhoons. The agricultural depression was great. The sugar plantations were without modern machinery and modern methods, and it was impossible to borrow money for their renovation. And yet, notwithstanding these untoward conditions, the apparent contradiction of an increase in wages also existed, and it was difficult to get laborers for agricultural industries. This was accounted for by the statement that the movements of the military forces and the public works had withdrawn the laborers from the farms. Indisposition to work was also complained of. The increase in wages enabled the natives to secure by one day's labor what used to require two. The result was that the laborer, having earned in one or two days enough to secure a week's supply of rice, would lie off until the pressure of hunger again drove him to work.

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The Insular Commission.—The Philippine Commission is conscientiously working out the problems of good government, with a single eye to the prosperity and advancement of the Filipino people. It is not yet a government of the people or by the people, but it is preeminently a government for the people, and its purpose is to instruct the people, and particularly the peasant class, so as to give them a realization of what justice, individual rights and civil responsibility mean.

Believing that a common language and the creation of a public opinion are essential to self-government, the Commission has prepared to make the universal language English. English is taught first by American teachers and later on by Filipino teachers, who have been instructed by them. The educational expenditure, insular, provincial and municipal, is about $2,000,000, gold, annually. At least $6,000,000 is required.

This educational system, of course, involves the danger that the educated child is likely to drift from manual labor, but the Commission is wisely directing it in industrial channels by promoting agricultural and manual-training schools.

In addition to the requirements of education, money is also required for road-building, for railroads, for harbor and municipal improvements and for the development of the agricultural interests. The municipal and harbor improvements and road-building have been covered by bond issues authorized at the last session, with interest, if I am right, at five per cent.

Congress recently authorized the construction of about 1,000 miles of railroad in the various Islands by private corporations, involving a cost of about $30,000,000, and the issue by them of bonds for such construction, with interest at four per cent., the interest to be guaranteed by the Insular Government. As the amount of the bonds will doubtless build the railroads, I urged in the Senate that we should authorize the Insular Government to build the railroads and to issue bonds therefor to the extent of $30,000,000 at two per cent., with the guaranty of the United States as to both principal and interest. Whilst not prepared to urge Government ownership at home, owing to the complexity of our Government and the difficulty of insuring businesslike methods of administration, I felt that Government ownership suited the necessarily paternal nature of the Insular Government, and was merely in line with the policy now adopted as the result

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of experience with both State-aided and State-owned railroads, in the British and Dutch East Indies, and that the Commission was a body of such capacity, integrity, experience and administrative qualifications that it could easily undertake the work. The saving between two per cent., the rate of bonds so guaranteed by the United States, and the income which a private corporation would expect, would pay for the roads in thirty years, and a light cost of transportation would greatly lighten the burdens of the Islands. I regret to say that the movement failed.

Agricultural Bank.—There is strong need of an agricultural bank, resembling those of Germany and Egypt, with a capital of at least $10,000,000. It is impossible to expect such a bank to be organized by private capital when the condition is such as is described by the Manila Chamber of Commerce in these words:

"The country, generally speaking, is in a state of financial collapse. The agriculturists and merchants are passing through the worst crisis ever known in the annals of Filipino history. A series of calamities have contributed to bring the country to this deplorable state."

An agricultural bank could loan the money necessary to introduce improved methods, particularly on the sugar plantations. It could also aid in the development of the 400,000 acres of land purchased from the friars, which are still on the hands of the Insular Government. Assisted by the Bureau of Agriculture, it could accomplish the development of the general agricultural interests of the Islands upon a thoroughly modern and scientific basis. All moneys advanced could be properly secured upon the improvements made. And thus an insular agricultural bank, with a capital derived from the sale of insular bonds at two per cent., guaranteed by the United States, could do a business that would earn at least six per cent.

It will be economy for the United States to move generously and efficiently now. Economic distress may result in discontent that will cause outbreaks whose suppression will cost infinitely more than the aid at present needed. It must be remembered that the tropical islands have been languishing for years. The temperate zone has beaten the tropical zone in competition in sugar and tobacco. The outbreak of Cuba against Spain was largely due to economic distress caused by the low price of sugar; I think it likely that it has also had something to do with the contemporaneous discontent in the Philippines.

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The insular revenues are now only about $9,000,000 in gold, to which may be added $3,000,000 in gold as the municipal revenues for Manila, and $2,000,000 in gold as the provincial and municipal revenues outside of Manila. Fourteen million dollars in gold is the sum that is now available annually for all purposes, insular, provincial and municipal, in a government of 7,000,000 people. When we recall that the District of Columbia, with less than 300,000 people, requires about nine or ten million dollars annually for municipal and district purposes, it seems amazing that the Insular Commission should have accomplished so much with so little.

Abolition of Tariff Duties.—The main measure of relief for the Philippine Islands thus far urged is the abolition of American duties on Philippine products, to be followed, when the Spanish treaty expires three years hence, by the abolition of Philippine duties upon American products. Such a proposition involves the closed door in the Philippines at a time when we are strenuously urging the open door in China, Manchuria and Korea. This is both wrong and impolitic; wrong, because consistency is required of nations as well as individuals, and impolitic because it will give Japan and China an excuse for securing favored arrangements in the Orient which will exclude our products. If we get the monopoly of imports into the Philippines, it would not compensate for the losses which we would sustain in the rest of the Orient by the assertion of this policy. If we refuse equal opportunities for Japanese trade in the Philippines, how can we insist upon equal opportunities with Japan in Manchuria and Korea?

I am aware that this suggestion of free trade, or freer trade, appeals to many Democrats; but reflection, I think, should convince any one that the arrangement, so far as the Philippine Islands are concerned, means restricted trade, not freer trade. At present, the Philippine Islands have a tariff which conforms to the theory of a tariff for revenue only, so strenuously urged by many Democrats; for it imposes a duty of only twenty per cent. upon importations from all countries, including the United States, without preference to any. It is now proposed that this tariff should be maintained as to all other countries, but be abolished as to the United States, the very purpose being to give the United States the monopoly of imports into the Philippines,

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and to exclude the products of England, France, Germany, Spain and other countries. Can this restricted trade be called free trade, or freer trade? At best, the proposed arrangement will be one of subsidy.

Sugar Subsidy.—The tendency of our policy in the tropics has been to destroy the revenue feature of the sugar tax by giving the tax as an additional price to the producers of sugar in the tropical islands. The world's price of raw sugar is about two cents per pound, or $40 per ton; the price in America is $75 per ton, because the customs duty of 1¾ cents per pound, or $35 per ton, is added. When, therefore, sugar is imported from the tropical islands duty free, it sells in our markets at the same price as the duty-paid sugar—$75 per ton; and thus the tropical planter gets on the duty-free sugar, as a subsidy, the amount of the duty which the Treasury loses. Porto Rico, Cuba and Hawaii send all their sugar to the United States, because the sugar of Porto Rico and Hawaii comes in duty free, and the Cuban sugar comes in with one-fourth of the duty, or about $9 per ton, off. On their production, the planters in these islands get in the United States markets the following amounts annually more than they can get anywhere else, and this constitutes the annual subsidy of these tropical islands:

Hawaii, 400,000 tons, duty free, $35 per ton	$14,000,000
Porto Rico, 100,000 tons, duty free, $35 per ton	3,500,000
Cuba, 1,000,000 tons, ¼ duty off, $9 per ton	9,000,000
Total subsidy	$26,500,000

The imports from Cuba are increasing, and it is claimed that during the coming season they will be 1,300,000 tons.

Under similar circumstances, there is no reason why the Filipino planters should not restore their old maximum of 400,000 tons annually, on which a similar subsidy of $35 per ton would amount to $14,000,000 per annum above what they could receive in Hong Kong or in any other sugar-market, except the United States.

If, as has been done in Cuba, under the influence of a smaller subsidy, the increase should be to 1,000,000 tons annually, the total subsidy of the Filipino planters would amount to $35,000,000 annually, and the United States Treasury would suffer loss in that amount. In time, therefore, the sugar tax would lose its

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character as a revenue-producer, and would be turned into a subsidy for tropical islands.

Political Complications.—Important political difficulties are also likely to arise from complicating our revenue system with that of the Philippine Islands. The Philippine Islands are now almost entirely dependent upon customs duties for their revenue. If this plan of mutual subsidy goes through and the United States secures the monopoly of the Philippine markets, it necessarily follows that little or no revenue will come from the customs, and that the Philippine Government will be compelled to substitute land and other internal taxes. Already it has taken measures to institute the land tax, and the protest is so loud and deep as to compel the postponement of its operation.

Again, I understand our purpose is to train the Filipino people in self-government, in the hope that ultimately they will be fitted for independence. If this be really our purpose, it would be very unwise to complicate the fiscal and revenue systems of the two countries; for, when separation comes, industrial disturbance may follow the change in these fiscal and revenue relations. Our policy should be to hold the Philippines as an entity absolutely separate from the United States, the only connection between them being the Civil Government, which should gradually draw the Filipinos into participation until the time is ripe for independence. Then the United States can at any time declare its trust ended, and turn over the government of the Philippines to its ward. It is an essential doctrine of equity that the trustee should not mingle his ward's property or interests with his own, and our government in the Philippines should be so administered as to enable our ward, when she comes to the maturity of her powers, to move among the nations in a thoroughly uncomplicated and individualized life. Would it not be uncandid, whilst professing a desire to fit the Filipino people for self-government and independence, to bind the two countries together, at the same time, so strongly by navigation laws and tariff legislation and commercial ties generally as to make it impossible to cut the political ties without a serious and perhaps fatal readjustment? If American capital secures the monopoly of ocean transportation between the Islands and the United States, of inter-island navigation, and of railroad transportation, and also the control of subsidized sugar-planting, every selfish and commercial con-

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sideration will stand in the way of a moral settlement of this important question.

Suggested Legislation.—I would suggest, therefore, in place of the proposed reduction in duties the following legislation:

(1) The repeal of the Act extending our coast navigation laws to the Philippine Islands. These will confessedly impose a higher burden on the transportation of her exports and imports than now. Their operation has already been postponed for a time by a recent Act.

(2) If not too late, the repeal of the Act authorizing insular aid for railroad-building by the insular guarantee of four per cent. interest on the $30,000,000 of bonds, and the substitution of insular construction and ownership of the proposed railroads accomplished by means of an insular bond issue at two per cent. guaranteed by the United States.

(3) The authorization of insular, provincial and municipal bonds sufficient to cover needed permanent improvements, the bonds bearing interest at two per cent., thus facilitating the application of a larger portion of current revenues to education, particularly of an industrial character. The enrolment of the schools should be trebled.

(4) An issue of $10,000,000 of bonds for an insular agricultural bank, the bonds to bear interest at two per cent. and to be guaranteed by the United States; such bank to aid the introduction of machinery and improved methods in agriculture by secured loans to the farmers.

All these bonds should run for thirty years, in which time the saving in interest should pay for them. The total, including railroads, would be about $60,000,000, or, without railroads, $30,000,000.

When the time comes for final determination of the relations of the Filipinos to us, a plebiscite can be taken. If separation is then desired by either, it can be accomplished. Meanwhile, the United States can largely centre its own expenditures at Subig Bay, which, cut off by the mountains from the rest of Luzon and having but few native occupants, can be made an easily defended naval, coaling and commercial station for our navy and merchant marine. When the time comes for separation, we can easily retain Subig Bay and thus make it a link in the chain of our naval and commercial administration.

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If the bonds authorized by us are not by that time retired, and if the Islanders cannot bear the burden of debt contracted by our authority, we can pay it and cancel the obligation, thus adding a timely generosity to the hundreds of millions now irreclaimably lost in the military and naval expenses connected with our control of the Philippines.

This will be more businesslike, wiser and cheaper than the proposed tariff subsidy, which within forty years would probably turn over to the Filipino planters from $300,000,000 to $600,000,000 in sugar subsidies paid by the American consumers in an unjust tax diverted from the United States Treasury. The Islands will then be on a healthy and uncomplicated basis, instead of on a stimulated and complicated basis which will make the nursing-bottle of subsidy essential to their existence.

I have not the space to enter into the consideration of the strategic mistake of having possessions occupied by unwilling subjects so far removed from our base—impossible of defence should the time come in the Orient when we may be beset by foes outside the Islands and by insurrectos within, or of the great military expense entailed by holding them as an asset instead of a trust.

The fact is that, prior to the war, if Spain had offered them to us we would have refused. Dewey's victory happened to be in Manila Bay, instead of in the open sea. Shall we, therefore, permit ourselves to remain always under the tyranny of an accident?

But far above these practical considerations are the moral considerations for which Roosevelt, Bryan and Taft stand as representatives of true Democracy, which has not yet lost faith in government of the people, for the people and by the people. We cannot check the aspiration for independence in the Philippines when such advocates of political morality in both parties voice it in the United States. Separation will some day come. Let us intelligently prepare for it.

FRANCIS G. NEWLANDS.

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WORLD-POLITICS.

LONDON: ST. PETERSBURG: BERLIN: WASHINGTON.

LONDON, *November, 1905.*

THE autumn flood of speech-making set in earlier than usual this year and promises to last longer. I doubt if any other nation gets quite so good an education in politics as the people of this country. Whether they profit by it as much as they should and might is another question. The fact remains that the ordinary Englishman's chances of receiving instruction from the fountain-head on the public questions of the day are at least three or four times more numerous than the German's, perhaps double the Frenchman's, and beyond comparison greater than the American's. This is mainly because of the practice that obtains among the constituencies of requiring at least one public speech from their Members every year. Almost since Burke's time it has been our practice to regard these annual meetings between representatives and voters as an essential duty of political life. It would be hard to exaggerate their value. English speakers, whatever their defects, have on the whole a strong turn for exposition. They carry from the House to the platform the habit of coming to close quarters with their subject. They excel in concrete *précis* work, and are not afraid of dry details in laying their case before the people. Moreover, the circumstances that surround these annual autumn meetings give them a special value. They are held at a time when electioneering is in abeyance. They help to concentrate attention on the work of administration and the broader aspects of policy. This is to perform a most important service, for democracies everywhere are too apt to think that they have solved the problems of government when they elect one set of candidates to office in preference to another set. Too much thought is given to the question who shall do the work and too

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little to how it is being done. Against such an attitude towards politics and political questions the constant appearance of Members of Parliament on the platform is a sure preventive. It serves to put elections in their proper place, and makes the people see that success at the polls is of less consequence than efficiency in office. In other words, these meetings keep the public informed of the rights and wrongs of public questions, not spasmodically or for the purpose of a single election, but regularly and continuously. No one can carry on this work so fruitfully as the representatives of the people themselves, and in all countries where they have abandoned the duty of instructing and interesting the electorate, politics have degenerated into mere problems of mechanical organization, are controlled by caucuses, professional politicians and machines, and are manipulated in the interests of cliques and bosses. This spectacle, therefore, that we are at present being treated to in England of men like Lord Rosebery, Mr. Chamberlain, Sir Edward Grey, Mr. Lyttelton, Mr. Asquith and Mr. Morley threshing out the *pros* and *cons* of high matters of domestic and foreign policy before vast popular audiences, is one of real hopefulness and inspiration. It is one of the saving clauses of British democracy. It implies that the operative force of politics in England is to an extent under the guidance of the best, or nearly the best, intelligence of the country.

Passing from these general considerations to the speeches themselves and to their bearing on the situation and problems of to-day and of the immediate future, I am bound to say that they leave the two principal questions that perplex the electorate still unsolved. One of those questions is this: Will Lord Rosebery be a member of the next Liberal Ministry? That Lord Rosebery is a great influence in English politics and exercises over the popular mind a fascination that no blunders seem wholly able to destroy, is, I believe, the fact; though there are those who will tell you that the people have tired of him, have written him down as a mere talker or *flâneur*. That is not at all my personal opinion. But those who dismiss Lord Rosebery with a shrug of the shoulders and those who believe that he has still a great part to play in English affairs are alike unable to say with anything approaching precision whether he intends to join, or hold aloof from, the next Government. It is an extraordinary paradox that, in these ebullient days of Liberal revivalism, with an overwhelm-

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ing Liberal victory at the polls drawing visibly nearer and nearer, the course of the most distinguished and most brilliant Liberal of them all should remain an utter mystery. It is a national puzzle; I am not sure that it is not also a private and personal puzzle as well. That is to say, I am not sure that Lord Rosebery himself knows his own mind in the matter, or has come to any definite decision. He is not a man whose course it is easy to prognosticate; he belongs, I should judge, to the Laodicean order of temperament. Nevertheless, the interest in his personality is so great, and the charm of his many brilliant gifts is so widely felt, that every speech he delivers is narrowly and anxiously scanned by many thousands of his countrymen for a hint of his future intentions. The result, or one result, is that from time to time a casual phrase of his is made to carry more than it will bear. Thus on October 21st he referred to his "dear old friend, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman." Gleeful commentators at once assumed that all political differences between Lord Rosebery and "C-B" were at an end, and that the two men, representing respectively the Imperialist and the "pro-Boer" wings of the Liberal party, would henceforth act together. I am not sure that the assumption is well founded. Both in his speech of October 21st and in another address delivered four or five days later, Lord Rosebery took pains to dissociate himself from all official responsibility. His tone towards Liberals is still curiously impersonal and external. He speaks to them as "You," not as "We." His whole mental attitude is that of the looker-on. One is still obliged to say of him that he is neither in politics nor out of them.

The question of his possible action in the event of a Liberal victory at the next election derives a new importance from the sudden and serious illness which has overtaken Lord Spencer and which, I fear, is of a nature to incapacitate him for further political activity. That is a considerable blow to English Liberalism. The gossip of the clubs and lobbies has for long pointed to Lord Spencer as the one man under whose leadership it might be possible for Lord Rosebery and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman to serve in harmony and without, on either side, any loss of personal dignity. His enforced retirement—for that unhappily is what his illness seems but too likely to amount to—removes, I will not say the last, but certainly the most obvious and available,

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basis of accommodation between the ex-Premier and the present Leader of the Liberal party. It leaves Lord Rosebery more than ever the mystery-man of English politics. Will he be Prime Minister? Will he be Foreign Secretary? Will he even so much as consent to lead the Liberals in the House of Lords? Or will he continue, as for so many years past, to play the candid friend to his old party, dealing faithfully with its shortcomings, mocking at some of its enthusiasms and applauding others, neither depreciating nor extolling it in comparison with the Conservatives, aloof from its councils yet intimately critical of its policies, occupying, in short, that position of intermediary between the parties which he has often owned to be of all positions the one he most enjoys? To these questions there is still no answer, but I think I may say that nobody expects that he will be Prime Minister, while everybody, without distinction of party, hopes that he may be induced to serve as Foreign Secretary.

Nor is that the only matter which is likely to give the Liberals some trouble. The speeches of the last few weeks have shown that the Liberal party, always a party of differences, may prove again a party of disunion. The situation is almost unique. The country, utterly disgusted with the present Government, does not appear to be positively drawn towards the Liberals. The Liberals will come into power less because they are Liberals than because they are not Conservatives; and there is some danger that they may be tempted to use their victory not merely for partisan but for sectional ends. The Welsh wing, a very brilliant and pertinacious wing, is vowing that its support can only be had on the understanding that the Liberals proceed at once to disestablish the Church in Wales, and, possibly, to initiate a scheme of Land Reform in Wales based on previous Irish Land Legislation. The Non-conformists, who are, as they have ever been, the backbone of English Liberalism, give the amendment of the Education Act of 1902 the first place among the duties of a Liberal Government. The Irish Nationalists, being Catholics, will not only oppose that amendment, but will fight furiously and unavailingly to pin the next Government down to the promise of a third Home Rule Bill. After the General Election, it is expected that there will be not less than thirty Labor members in the House, every one of whom will be prepared to lead the Government a lively dance unless it immediately does something for the unemployed,

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and passes an Act to relieve Trade-Unions from liability for damages during strikes. Besides this, the Liberal Government will be importuned to amend the Licensing Act, to stop the importation of Chinese labor into the Transvaal, to improve the efficiency of the House of Commons, to overcome the obstruction that the House of Lords systematically offers to all Liberal measures, to deal with what is compendiously known as "the land question," to reform the Army and at the same time to check the intolerable growth of national expenditure. These are all stupendous questions. To deal with them at all effectively there will be needed a large, loyal and accordant majority, and far more practicality and resolution than Liberalism has displayed for twenty years. The pitfalls involved in them are many, and the stubbornness of some of the Liberal leaders does not inspire any great confidence that they will be successfully evaded.

There is, however, one point which the recent addresses of the Liberal leaders have finally cleared up. After the speeches of Sir Edward Grey, Mr. Morley, Mr. Bryce and Lord Rosebery, it is now certain that the next Liberal Government will pursue a foreign policy in the main identical with Lord Lansdowne's. Let me quote on this subject Sir Edward Grey. Failing Lord Rosebery, he is the predestined Foreign Secretary in the next Government. On October 13th, Sir Edward Grey declared that Liberals as a party accepted the Anglo-Japanese Alliance and the Anglo-French understanding both in the letter and in the spirit:

"They would enter into no engagements and no relations with any other Powers which were inconsistent with or prejudicial to those agreements; but, if it were fairly understood and accepted in the world that the Alliance with Japan and the Agreement with France implied no hostility, as they [the Liberals] intended that they should imply no hostility, to any other Power, then there was no reason why Great Britain should not be on cordial and friendly terms with every Power which accepted those two agreements as integral parts of our policy."

A week later Sir Edward Grey touched in admirable terms on the subject of Anglo-German relations. He said:

"I am sure of this, that if there is a desire for the improvement of our relations with Germany—I do not mean an improvement in the relations of the British and German Governments, because, so far as I know, those are quite correct, but an improvement between the press and the public opinion of the two countries—if there be a desire for that in Germany, it will meet with no obstacle in this country, *provided it*

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be clearly understood that nothing we do in our relations with Germany is in any way to impair our existing good relations with France. In other words, it must be, in my opinion, a condition of any improvement in the public relations between Germany and ourselves that the relations of Germany with France, on all matters that come under the Anglo-French Agreement, should be fair and good also."

Lord Rosebery and Mr. Bryce have practically repeated and adopted the policy outlined in this passage. It is a policy to which the country, sated with the violence of Anglo-German polemics, entirely subscribes, and it accurately forecasts the lines on which foreign affairs will be conducted under a Liberal Government. The Liberals, that is, have pledged themselves to maintain and develop the close and friendly relations that obtain between England and the United States, France and Japan; but they do not admit that these relations exclude a rational understanding either with Germany or with Russia.

To have made this clear, not only to England but to Europe and the world, is an achievement for which we may thank this autumn flood of oratory. I wish it had been equally successful in resolving the mystery of Mr. Balfour's policy and position in what is still the outstanding issue of domestic politics—the fiscal question. But, unhappily, no Unionist seems able to open his mouth without intensifying the confusion. Lord Hugh Cecil, a stanch Tory and an equally stanch Free-Trader, recently declared his confidence that Mr. Balfour is more on his side of the fiscal controversy than on Mr. Chamberlain's. He in effect advised Unionist Free-Traders to trust to Mr. Balfour. On the other hand, Mr. Arthur Elliot, who is also a Unionist Free-Trader and who sacrificed office to his convictions, said a few days ago that the Unionist Free-Traders should be on their guard and ready at any moment to organize themselves against the Prime Minister. Early in November Lord Londonderry, who is a member of the present Cabinet, described Mr. Chamberlain as a "clever platform leader" who had temporarily misled the Unionist party by "the glamour of a policy" which had not withstood the test of criticism or the teaching of facts as revealed to us during the last two years. He therefore begged his friends "to rally round the banner of Mr. Balfour." Two days later Mr. Austen Chamberlain, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, replied to Lord Londonderry. He had noticed, he said, "an inclination in certain quarters to put Fiscal Reform in a second-

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ary place. This was not the view of the Government or of the Prime Minister." He then proceeded to make a Protectionist speech of the familiar kind. Twenty-four hours afterwards Mr. Chamberlain *père,* addressing his Birmingham constituents, assumed that between Mr. Balfour and himself there was complete agreement on the main issue and that they only differed on minor points of tactics. So there we are. Nobody is really any wiser to-day than two years ago. But it is clear that the Unionists are growing more and more impatient with the evasions and subterfuges into which their party has been forced, and that the disgust of the country with the whole performance and its desire to ring down the curtain on what it feels to be a discreditable farce, increase almost with every day that passes.

ST. PETERSBURG, *November, 1905.*

THE Russian revolution which began very modestly last fall has quite suddenly culminated in an epoch-making climax. It is only a year ago this November since about a hundred and twenty-five men from the rural districts came together semi-secretly here, and passed moderate resolutions asking the Tsar to allow his people a little more elbow-room. And already in October this year the Russian people has shaken off its fetters and stands forth free. Probably no change of such far-reaching significance has ever been effected so rapidly. Last April, a number of congressmen gathered together in Moscow like conspirators, conscious that they were liable at any moment to be severely punished; to-day, revolutionists block the public thoroughfares, deliver philippics against the Tsar, compel all who pass to salute the revolutionary symbols and threaten a constitutional Government with downfall because it is not a democratic republic.

Countless are the causes of this astonishing metamorphosis. They may be summed up in the cardinal fact that for generations the political fabric known as Autocracy was thoroughly rotten, and held together only because it was hedged round with barriers and never roughly shaken. Then, when a violent shock was administered—in the form of the Japanese war abroad and universal disaffection at home—the whole fabric came down with a crash.

The last act in the drama of the Autocracy began with the

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strike, which at first differed nowise from the many strikes that had gone before and had never been definitely ended. The Moscow printers threw up their work on October 13th, for reasons which were partly economic and partly political. This step surprised no one, because, since January 22nd, nearly every trade and profession had been doing the same at irregular intervals. But the printers seemed exceptionally favored, for they received an assurance that they would be supported by the railway league, composed of the officials and servants of well-nigh all the railways in the Empire, and organized so thoroughly that a single word from the central committee could bring locomotion to a standstill everywhere. But shortly before the arrangements were completed, the printers were forced to surrender. Their employers had sent the work left undone to other cities and towns, where it was executed cheaply and with scarcely any loss of time. The men, therefore, went back to their printing presses on their masters' terms. To the railway league this was a serious blow. For they had long been organizing and were just ready for the struggle. Not to be defrauded of victory, which they thought they discerned in the near future, they despatched delegates to St. Petersburg to press a list of economico-political demands upon the Government, with instructions to order a general railway strike unless the authorities gave way.

On Sunday, October 15th, the delegates were already in St. Petersburg, but had not yet begun their deliberations, when in Moscow it was reported that some of them had been arrested and the others forbidden to assemble. That false rumor was the spark which set fire to the dry tinder, and kindled the flame that burned fiercely over all Russia and destroyed the bulwarks of Autocracy. The Moscow railway men ordered all officials on the various lines to go out on strike. The Government and in particular Prince Khilkoff, the Minister of Ways and Communications, were taken by surprise. The moment the men began to refuse to make up trains and take charge of engines, Prince Khilkoff, instead of consulting the delegates who had come to the capital for the very purpose of conferring with the Government, rushed off to Moscow to ascertain the cause of the strike. And once there he became inaccessible to the men—who had to communicate with him through intermediaries—until the following day when he spoke to them freely, but foolishly and vainly.

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A magic word or an energetic act might then have changed the course of events. But the Prince had neither. "We have to toil and moil for sixteen hours daily," the railway men complained. "I, too," retorted his Excellency, "and I work more than sixteen. Why, I rise every morning at seven, and then I . . . ." "Well, but that leaves us no time for reading or any attempt at self-culture," they urged. "Not so, gentlemen; a working day of sixteen hours leaves you eight hours free, one of which you can devote to reading, and that gives you 365 hours a year. In Turkey I know many excellent people who have never read a line." At last, the Prince, thinking he had found a magic word and an efficacious act, cried: "I was a workman myself, gentlemen, and I feel as if I were still one of yourselves. Let the drivers follow me, and we shall together run the engine." And so speaking, the Minister sprang upon the step, climbed upon the locomotive, but none followed him. "We shall allow you to go if you will," they exclaimed, "but none of us will take you." A year ago, all Russia would have applauded the democratic Prince, and almost every workman who heard him would have responded to his exhortation. But the times were changed.

What happened after the railway men ceased working is a matter of public knowledge. Moscow, where the strike began, was isolated first from St. Petersburg, then from Kursk, afterwards from Nijni Novgorod, and finally from all the rest of the Empire. Then as the trains stopped on more and more lines and as wires were cut, all Russia became an archipelago of political islands among which there was no intercourse. Mails became rarer and finally ceased, and in most places post-offices closed; newspapers no longer appeared; business became stagnant; government securities fell; passengers were caught by the strike by tens of thousands in various parts of the country, and could not move forward or backward. They would have died of hunger if the railways had not supplied them with food.

The famine-stricken districts were deprived of the corn which had been bought and was actually on its way to them. Doctors could not get to their patients; chemists' shops being closed, no medicines could be compounded for the dying. In Moscow, there was no milk even for children, many of whom lost their lives in consequence. The wounded on their way from the Far East were shunted off to branch lines and left in the wagons that were con-

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veying them. Meat for St. Petersburg had to be ordered from England; and, lest the hungry masses should make a raid on the corn stores if prices rose, the members of the corn exchange met and bound themselves to continue to sell wheat, rye, barley and oats at prices as they had stood.

In most places, the people were extremely peaceful and self-restrained, but in a few they displayed a disposition to be aggressive. Railway signals were destroyed, engines broken and rails torn up. In Kharkoff, students and workmen threw up barricades on the hill, making a citadel which took in the cathedral, the University and the building in which all the Government offices are situated. Beleaguered by a number of loyalists, they were joined by a revolutionary crowd which, having gutted several gunsmiths' shops, came provided with arms. After a regular siege lasting nearly two days, the beleaguered were allowed to march out without let or hindrance on condition that they should deliver up their weapons.

A tocsin seemed to have sounded over all Russia, whose population, starting up at the alarm, vowed that there would be no peace more in the country so long as Nikolai Alexandrovitch continued to call himself the Autocrat of 140,000,000 people. Processions, meetings, speeches, resolutions were everywhere the occupation of the population. Everything else was thrown aside as unseasonable; the very actors resolved to show their solidarity with the rest of the population by closing the theatres. "Russia may perish now, but if she survive it will be only as a free people," men said. The very officials of the Government went over to their enemies, the bureaucrats joined the ranks of the men who had sworn to abolish all bureaucracy. At first, the *personnel* of the Ministry of Ways and Communications locked the drawers of their green baize-covered tables and went home. The Minister of the Marine ordered his subordinates not to attend at their offices until the excitement should subside. The chemists who refused to strike had their windows broken and then obeyed. The State Bank officials struck last; then the Finnish railway strike was announced; and, finally, rumors were spread that the insurrection which had hitherto been bloodless would degenerate into bomb-throwing, revolver-firing, arson and ruin.

Reports of an appalling nature kept pouring in from the provinces, and as there were no newspapers they received easy

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credence. There was another revolt of the Black Sea fleet going on, rumor said; Odessa was being bombarded. Admirals Birileff and Chooknine had been blown up by a bomb. In Moscow, people whispered, "there was a provisional government established." In Kharkoff the nucleus of a national militia had been formed. In a word, the Russian people were beginning to feel their titanic strength and were eager to use that strength titanically.

The Government would have been alarmed, had there been any Government in Autocratic Russia. But there was none. Of the Minister of the Interior, Bulyghin, nobody had heard anything ever since General Trepoff became Assistant Minister. Minister Khilkoff had publicly declared that he was no politician and cared only for engines, wagons and rails. The Minister of Justice lay low, the Minister of Education had, to use Count Witté's expression, struck work like the students, and the Minister of Finances was busy negotiating the big foreign loan with the French, German, American and British financiers. Meanwhile, Russia was drifting. But patriots there were in the country and also far-sighted politicians, and they were greatly alarmed, for the signs and tokens of an impending national disaster were multiplied and each morning might usher in the last day of grace. The Emperor's advisers were all unanimous on that point. There was no time to lose, they repeated, but when asked to what use the time should be put they differed. Some were for grapeshot, the gallows and the prison. Others asked for a representative government based on universal suffrage, and an eight hours working-day. And neither party was tired of repeating: "To-morrow may be too late!"

Meanwhile, the Autocrat, residing in Peterhof on the shores of the Finnish Gulf, was watching the progress of events, as they reflected themselves in the brains, now of reactionary, now of liberal, counsellors. To-day, the leaders of a Court party would assure the isolated monarch that Russia was loyal and devoted, that only a very small section of the population was in revolt and that a few quick-firing guns would swiftly bring them to their senses. To-morrow, Count Witté would implore the Emperor to take pity on his fatherland, and quench the fire before it had become a conflagration. Meanwhile, General Trepoff issued a proclamation calling upon all patriotic citizens to keep aloof

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from public gatherings, and warning them that if any disorders occurred they would be suppressed without ruth. Still, the troops who occupied theatres, railway stations, banks, nearly all public buildings and many private courtyards, were as self-restrained as the people. Even where provocation was given, they kept their temper unruffled.

But General Trepoff was apprehensive lest they should be unable any longer to bear the strain. For he was really unwilling to shed blood and equally averse from allowing the revolutionists to rule the city, and between these two repellent alternatives he moved backwards and forwards like a pendulum. But, whatever else he may have succeeded in doing, he made it clear that the Government was feeble to the extent of impotence. On Friday, for instance, he issued an order clear and emphatic, and stated that he would enforce it with rifles and bayonets if necessary. People believing or doubting the seriousness of the threat deliberately disobeyed the order and went scot free. That was a blunder of the authorities. As the University was the only institution whose members were free to meet, discuss and debate political questions, as well as scientific, the general public was daily pouring into its hospitable precincts to compass the downfall of Autocracy. No policeman or soldier could pass through its portals; and, once inside, the working-men, the Social Democrat, the revolutionist might speak with absolute freedom. As all this was illegal, Trepoff forbade it, refusing to allow any but students to enter. But on Saturday night a long stream of humanity came pouring into the University, expecting to be shot down by the troops who were in readiness hard by. But the threat was not fulfilled and the powerlessness of the authorities became evident to all. For a Government which could be thus treated with contempt there was no hope.

Yet the Court party was buoyant and hopeful. The most prominent members of this political group, Count Ignatieff—the brother of the diplomatist—and MM. Stishinsky Stürmer and Goremykin, were in frequent contact with the Tsar. Their advice was to use a rod of iron and dispense with the speaker's mace. A parliament, they affirmed, would be the beginning of the end of all things. For the sake of his country, his dynasty, his people and his traditions, Nicholas II was bound to answer all popular demands with an emphatic "*Non possumus.*"

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The one man who saw clearly and spoke frankly was Witté. He called everything by its right name, and pointed out the direct and indirect consequences of every piece of advice he offered. Courtly phraseology may perhaps have received less consideration from him than seemed meet, but political sagacity underlay all his counsels. When he found that Draconian measures or traditional doctrines had the upper hand, as was generally the case, he recommended that they be carried out by the men who advised them. But one and all they refused.

A national catastrophe seemed nearing, and there were no means of warding it off. Nobody had received an imperative command to reestablish order on the basis of parliamentary government, and apparently no one was about to receive it. The odium of coercion was also too terrible a curse to be lightly incurred by any one. Meanwhile, at any moment the death knell of the Autocracy might sound. On Friday, October 23rd, private councils were held by State dignitaries, and speeches were delivered by Ignatieff and Stishinsky which made Russians shudder when the characteristic passages were quoted. On Saturday, the imperial yacht, "Polar Star," trim and taut, was dancing on the waves of the Finnish Gulf ready to welcome the Tsar. The crew was select, the commander trusty and an escort of war-ships able to start at short notice. His Majesty was informed by one of his favorite court friends of the plan of escape which might any day have to be put into execution. The Tsar listened, waved his hand, and said: "No, I will never go abroad."

Time was pressing. The very trains to Peterhof had ceased to run. The international loan was not concluded, and the representatives of the foreign banks were told they had better return for a time to their respective countries. The working-men strongly advised their English employers to send away their women folk. The Minister of Finances requested the members of the Stock Exchange to abstain from all transactions in order to save the funds from falling, and his request was acceded to. The banks were crowded with people anxious to sell out all Russian securities and send the money abroad, but as the stock-market had closed these orders could not be fulfilled.

The tension was terrible and the deadlock insoluble. "To be, or not to be," was the Sphinx's question which the Tsar was called upon to answer. But the reply was not uttered. Once,

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indeed, an order had come to reestablish order in the country, but . . . order was not reestablished. Witté wished the end and therefore wished the means, and the only means that he knew of was to do away with the Autocracy once for all by limiting the imperial prerogatives, and to bestow representative government upon the nation. Would Tsar Nicholas II do, or not do, this? Third course there was none. But there was still no reply. The perspective grew darker and darker. People in St. Petersburg were preparing for a state of siege, laying in supplies of provisions, fuel, candles, oil. Electric light had long since been stopped. The principal thoroughfare was illumined by means of a reflector placed in the tower of the Admiralty. Massacres of the well-to-do were talked of. Aristocratic families cast around for a refuge for their children. Russian citizens were inquiring whether foreign States would send gunboats to protect their subjects. Three steam-yachts were constantly plying night as well as day between the capital and Peterhof, conveying Witté, Goremykin, Ignatieff, Stishinsky and others to and from the imperial residence.

At last the fateful day dawned. The morning was raw, windy, wet. Witté left the capital after lunch and reached Peterhof at four o'clock, well knowing that the die had already been cast. The Emperor had determined to bow to the inevitable. And history, based on the evidence of eye-witnesses, will say that he did so with grace and dignity. The last scene of the signing away of half the powers the Emperor had inherited from his father and hoped to bequeath to his son was pathetic. But the principal actor in it was every inch a Tsar. He wrote his name simply, without pose, comporting himself with a degree of manliness and dignity that drew even from men who cherished no love for him or his a passing word of admiration. He then laid down the pen, serenely nodded to those present and left the room a constitutional monarch. Thus the curtain was rung down on the Russian Tsardom.

BERLIN, *November, 1905.*

"YOU have seen, gentlemen, how matters stand with us. Therefore powder dry, sword keen, eyes on the goal, muscles taut —and away with pessimism." The Kaiser when he uttered these words a few days ago intended to impress not only the officers

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of the Great General Staff, whom he was addressing, but the entire German nation with a sense of a national peril barely escaped and likely at any moment to recur. His speech coincided in point of time with the circulation of fresh instructions for the guidance of the semi-official and "inspired" press in the treatment of questions of foreign policy. These instructions were:

"Eschew abuse, avoid personalities, especially in regard to the British monarch and the Marquis of Lansdowne, but admonish the nation in dignified and solemn language, which must be free from the least suspicion of nervousness, that the times are grave and that it must arm itself, both morally and materially, in view of the possibility of coming conflicts."

Scarcely a day now passes without its quota of leading articles emphasizing the necessity for Germany to beware of her "bitterest enemy," Great Britain, who, like a Roman wrestler of old, is "manœuvring to encompass her rival in a network of diplomacy," prior to dealing the fatal stroke. In these articles the secret springs of German policy are frankly unveiled. It is asserted that German Ambassadors have bombarded Berlin for years with reports of the growing isolation of their country. Great Britain and France were said to be cooperating to bring about the humiliation of Germany. They were preparing the ground for a gigantic anti-German coalition, which was to include Russia, Italy, the United States, Japan and Austria-Hungary. The dual monarchy was to be alienated by inspiring it with the conviction that Germany was planning the seizure at an opportune moment of its German provinces. Italy was to be "debauched" by the prospect of acquiring Tripoli and by the fear of a German occupation of Trieste. Russia and Japan were to be gained over at the Peace Conference, which Lord Lansdowne and M. Delcassé were concerting to bring about through an Anglo-French offer of mediation; and at the Peace Conference questions affecting the status in China of other countries were to be raised with the object of rendering impossible the development of German enterprise in Shantung.

These imaginary "intrigues" supply the best explanation of the unrolling of the Moroccan problem. Morocco formed the keystone of the diplomatic bridge that was designed, Berlin was convinced, to lead to the humiliation of Germany. The Emperor was persuaded to test the structure of that bridge. He visited

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Tangier. But his action did not, as Prince von Bülow and his chief adviser, Baron von Holstein, seemed to expect, excite the French Foreign Minister into "provoking" Germany into a declaration of war. Nor did it intimidate him into abandoning his Moroccan policy or his firm reliance on the good faith of Great Britain. Accordingly, the German Government began a campaign of threats and achieved excellent results; for the French nation, aghast at the abyss into which it feared its Minister was leading it, summarily dismissed Delcassé from power. That was the moment of Germany's triumph. But, unfortunately for the final success of her policy, she was not satisfied with the fall of her "inveterate antagonist." Without giving the French time to recover their self-possession, she demanded guarantees that the policy of Delcassé would not be continued. She invited the French Government to enter into a discussion of all outstanding questions of foreign policy, and intimated that, if the invitation were accepted, no further fears regarding the eventual realization of French ambitions in Morocco need be cherished. The invitation amounted in effect to a proposal to France to abandon her *entente* with Great Britain. It was by no means the first occasion on which suggestions of this character had been conveyed from Berlin to Paris. In 1898, France was asked to arrange with Germany for common action against Great Britain in Africa; and in 1902, Germany, at the very moment when she was supposed to be cooperating with Great Britain in the Yang-tse Valley, endeavored to excite French suspicions and secure French assistance against British policy in China. M. Rouvier was a decided opponent of the diplomatic methods of M. Delcassé, and with skilful handling he might have encouraged the inauguration of an era of friendly intercourse between France and Germany. But the German Government had become possessed of the theory that, as the French had cordially shaken the hand which had beaten them at Fashoda, they must be capable of embracing the author of their humiliation in Morocco. The psychology of the Germans, however, omitted to take account of the soothing effect of time. It expected the French to seal a compact of love on the day following the castigation of Delcassé. When they refused to do so, German statesmanship, like an impetuous but unscrupulous lover, grew violent. It denounced the other lover of France, Great Britain, and behaved itself in so

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irascible a manner as to arouse sinister apprehensions in the breast of the Republic. It was at this moment that French diplomacy communicated to London its fears of an assault, and that Lord Lansdowne informed the German Ambassador that, if Germany were to attack France, Great Britain would most certainly defend that country. For the rest, Lord Lansdowne denied the assertion made by Germany that he had concluded an offensive and defensive alliance with France. That declaration stayed the impetuosity of Germany's subsequent movements. But it did not bring about a radical change in the situation. The Emperor and Prince von Bülow, indeed, had decided on the morrow of Delcassé's downfall to make substantial concessions to the interests of France in Morocco. They failed, however, to realize the wisdom of giving immediate effect to their decision. They left the control of their policy in the hands of Baron von Holstein, who had from the outset advocated war.

In common with many of the military advisers of the Emperor, Baron von Holstein urged that France must be crushed while Russia was weak. "If we do not seize the present opportunity," he is reported to have argued, "we shall, in five years' time, be again confronted by a Franco-Russian coalition. Let us, therefore, strike and rid ourselves forever of the incubus of the French desire for revenge." It was in the spirit of this argument that Baron von Holstein conducted the further progress of the negotiations: he composed despatches of exquisite subtlety, and succeeded in keeping the French Government in almost painful uncertainty as to Germany's ultimate designs. Meanwhile, the press of the Empire was proclaiming its advice that France would do well to abandon friends who merely desired to embroil her with Germany, and to enter into a general understanding with her eastern neighbor, who stood for the common interests of the Continent against those of Albion. The French nation grew more and more uncomfortable; but M. Rouvier stood his ground. At length, when the mischief was done, Prince von Bülow interfered and modified, as he had from the first intended to do, the militant attitude of his subordinate. He conceded the claim of the French to police the border territories of Algeria by agreement with the Sultan alone, and without interference from the signatories of the Madrid Convention; he made no further mention of the suggestion that Germany should be granted an equiva-

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lent sphere of influence in the west of the Sultanate; and finally he admitted the right of the French to participate in the loan which Count Tattenbach had negotiated with the Moroccan monarch. Baron von Holstein was furious. He quarrelled violently with his chief, arguing that it was an act of cowardice on the part of German diplomacy to give way, and finally left the Foreign Office on a prolonged vacation. The International Conference will, however, be held in due course; and, though many knotty questions are sure to mark its progress, there is no disposition to anticipate any but a peaceful conclusion of its labors.

Why, then, the ominous words addressed by the Emperor to the officers of the Great General Staff? Most curious is the contrast they present to the promise of the Emperor to the nation fifteen years ago, that he would, if the people trusted him, "lead them on to a glorious future." If now the watchword is "Away with pessimism," it is because the Emperor is conscious of having failed in his foreign policy. It was his desire to be friends with Great Britain; but his impetuous temperament has led to something very like a breach of personal relations with King Edward, while the subterfuges of his agents have convinced British statesmen that it is wiser to cultivate intimacy with any Power rather than with Germany. The Emperor was also ambitious of propitiating France; and he has seen himself compelled to revive the dying flames of French animosity against his Empire. He is now more than ever anxious to impress the nation with a profound sense of dangers threatening it, and in this way to create the mood for further increases in the fleet.

The Emperor will never obtain a Reichstag more willing to grant him what he needs than the present one. The constant chorus of the press, the so-called "revelations" of the Paris "*Matin*," and the sinister utterances of the chief officials of the Empire have all contributed to convince the representatives of the nation that a conspiracy really is brewing against Germany. German diplomacy accuses the British of having endeavored to egg France on to war. But, if British statesmen were hoping to bring about a Franco-German conflict, they would have kept Germany ignorant of their determination to take the sea against her in the event of hostilities. By informing Berlin officially of their standpoint, they proved their desire for peace; and it is a reasonable assumption to make that the communication

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to that effect which Lord Lansdowne addressed, in the middle of June, to Count Wolf-Metternich saved Germany from carrying her policy of intimidation to a point from which retreat would have been impossible. That is a construction of the British attitude, however, to which the German Cabinet naturally does not care to lend emphasis; and, as it is not likely to occur to any member of the Reichstag, we may anticipate the continuation of the anti-British campaign for a bigger German fleet.

Already some of the more fervent supporters of the Government are raising the cry that the questions of financial reform and naval development must be regarded as crucial tests of the efficiency of the Reichstag. If the Reichstag hesitates or refuses to follow the Government in this matter then, say these hotspurs, it will prove that it is incapable, so long as the system of universal manhood suffrage endures, of fulfilling its duties to the Empire.

The modification of the principle of manhood suffrage has long been a favorite cry of the Conservatives. Under that suffrage, which is part of the Imperial constitution, two parties have climbed to positions of eminence in the Reichstag—the Social Democrats and the Catholic Centre. Both are denounced by their opponents as "enemies of the Fatherland." But, while the Centre has learned the wisdom of cooperation with the Government, and, on the principle of *do ut des,* has acquired a decisive voice in the parliamentary arena, the Social Democrats have rigidly adhered to their character as a party of opposition, pure and undefiled. The Government, deprived thus of all support from the left side of the house—for the Liberals are moribund—is at the mercy of the Conservatives. It would commit an irretrievable blunder, however, if it were to conform to the wishes of the Conservatives by endeavoring to obstruct the further growth of Social Democracy through the instrumentality of a change in the electoral laws. That would be deliberately to provoke revolution. Such a measure would be followed of a certainty, as the resolutions adopted at Jena a month ago clearly show, by a general strike of the working classes, bringing in its train incalculable disaster. Those resolutions, or rather the debates to which they gave rise, were pregnant with matter for reflection on the part of German statesmen. They disclosed the inherent antagonism between the Social Democrat as a politician and as a Trade-Unionist. It is for the Government now to pro-

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mote that antagonism by acting, as far as is practicable, the part of protector of the legitimate rights of the Trade-Unions.

How gravely menaced those rights are by the refusal of the vast syndicates and trusts of Germany to deal with any of the organizations of labor was illustrated in a former communication to this REVIEW on the general strike in the Westphalian Collieries. The Government, on that occasion, was obliged to intervene. That quarrel proved—and subsequent conflicts have confirmed the experience—that the Trade-Unions cannot hope to prevail or even to hold their own, unaided, against the capitalist corporations. The Government, itself, fears the power of those combinations, and is endeavoring by peaceful negotiation to secure for itself a share in their control. As yet its efforts have not met with much success; but the educated classes of the Empire appreciate to the full the apprehensions of the Government. They gave a striking manifestation of their sympathy at the important Congress of Social Reformers, which was held last month at Mannheim. That Congress numbered among its members the most eminent Professors of political economy in the Empire—men like Gustav Schmoller and Brentano; and, though differing on questions of detail, it was practically unanimous on the imperative necessity of providing some form of state control over the operations of the vast trusted monopolies. In that direction affairs are tending. It is probable, indeed, that positive proposals designed to remedy the evils described at the Mannheim Congress will come before the present Reichstag. The Government stands to gain the confidence of the Trade-Unionists, if, as it probably will, it decides to embody those proposals in the legislation of the Empire. But if, on the other hand, it dallies with the suggestions for a reform of the law of manhood suffrage or refrains from resolutely dissociating itself from the authors of those suggestions, it will convince the Trade-Unionists that for them no hope exists save in the political organization of Revolutionary Social Democracy.

WASHINGTON, *November, 1905.*

WHEN this number of the REVIEW falls under the reader's eye, the assembling of the Fifty-ninth Congress for its first regular session will be close at hand. Under the circumstances, the atten-

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tion of political observers in the Federal capital is naturally directed to the forthcoming Presidential message, and to the deference that will be paid to its principal recommendations by the Senate and the new House of Representatives. The Senate will comprise 87 members, instead of the 90 to which it is entitled, owing to the vacancy which still exists in Delaware, and to the unavoidable absence of Senator Mitchell of Oregon and Senator Burton of Kansas. Of the occupied seats, 55 will be held by Republicans, and 32 by Democrats. Of the 386 members who are to compose the new House of Representatives, 250 will be Republicans and 136 Democrats. In the Fifty-eighth Congress, the discrepancy was much smaller, the Republicans numbering 210, the Democrats 174 and the Union-Labor men 2. We may take it for granted that Joseph G. Cannon, of Illinois, will be reelected Speaker, and that John Sharp Williams, of Mississippi, will again be the leader of the minority. Some of the topics that will be discussed in the President's message are already known.

Mr. Roosevelt will, of course, refer to the happy outcome of the peace negotiations at Portsmouth, much of the credit for which is everywhere, and justly, conceded to his mediative efforts. Just what course he will advise Congress to pursue with reference to Venezuela's confiscation of the property of an American asphalt company is much more uncertain than it was before that company's implication in a revolutionary attempt to overthrow the Castro Government was established by indubitable testimony, ultimately confirmed by its own confession. It was always questionable whether our State Department would deem it consistent, seemly and expedient to treat a weak State as it would not dare to treat a strong one, by declaring unworthy of respect the sentence of the highest Venezuelan tribunal, by which the American corporation mentioned was adjudged to have incurred the pains and penalties of treason. There can hardly be any doubt about the matter, now that the charge on which the judgment was based has been proved well founded. As the basis for an appeal, indeed, to the executive clemency of the Castro Administration, Mr. Roosevelt may take the ground that the punishment inflicted by the Caracas tribunal on the American corporation was too severe for the offence, inasmuch as the company's property was situated in a district long controlled by the revolutionists,

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and its payment, therefore, of a contribution to the latter should justly be regarded as made under duress. We are warranted, however, in assuming that we shall hear no more about the use of force to extort from President Castro a sweeping repudiation of the conclusions reached by the Venezuelan courts.

Among the measures which the President will undoubtedly urge upon the Senate will be the ratification of the treaty by which we recognized Cuba's jurisdiction over the Isle of Pines; and also of the treaty by which the United States have undertaken the collection and apportionment of Santo Domingo's customs revenue. The farcical attempt of a handful of American residents in the smaller island to proclaim their independence of Cuba, to organize a provisional government, and to secure the admission of the Isle of Pines as a Territory into our Union, though possibly prompted by the success of the somewhat similar experiment at Panama, will meet with a very different reception from Secretary Root. Nobody knows better than the Secretary that the Isle of Pines, historically and officially, was as inseparable a part of Cuba's administrative entity as is Long Island of the State of New York; and that, whether or no our surrender of the smaller island was expressly declared to be the consideration for Cuba's concession of coaling and naval stations, the promise of such surrender was made by accredited representatives of our Government, and went far to assure the consent of the Cubans to the incorporation of the so-called Platt Amendment in their insular Constitution. We never had a moral title to retain the Isle of Pines, and the Senate is bound by the plainest dictates of honor to ratify the treaty by which we have formally acknowledged Cuba's ownership thereof.

A ratification of the Santo Domingo treaty seems much more probable to-day than it did a while ago, for the utility of our intervention in the function of collector of Dominican customs has been demonstrated to Senators by the working of the arrangement. We predicted, at the time when the treaty was negotiated, that this was one of those cases where the half would prove greater than the whole; and that the 45 per cent. of the net receipts reserved monthly for the expenses of the Morales Administration would constitute a sum materially larger than the whole monthly income from customs which previously had filtered into the insular treasury through the dishonest fingers of native

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customs officials. It is equally obvious that the genuine foreign creditors, among whom 55 per cent. of the net customs revenue is to be distributed after their claims have been investigated, have gained much by the substitution of American for native collectors. There is some reason, nevertheless, to think that, before the meeting of our Congress, a revolutionary uprising will be witnessed against the Morales Government, and that the revolutionists have been furnished with the sinews of war by American speculators, who foresee that their fraudulent claims against the Dominican Government will not bear the sharp investigation for which the pending treaty provides. We have no reason to doubt, however, that the uprising will be quelled promptly by the naval force which our Government has despatched to Dominican waters. As we have said, there is ground for expecting the Senate, now fully enlightened by events, to uphold this first application of the deduction from the Monroe Doctrine which was formulated by President Roosevelt, and expounded by Secretary Root, that, in order to assure the payment of the just debts of a Latin-American Republic to foreign creditors, and, at the same time, to safeguard the debtor-commonwealth from the consequences of foreign intervention, it might become expedient for our country in its tutelary capacity to undertake the task of collecting and distributing the customs revenue of the defaulting community.

It is not as certain as it seemed some time ago that the President will urge upon Congress in his annual message immediate steps toward a revision of the tariff. He has become a thoroughly practical politician, not, of course, in a discreditable, but in a legitimate, sense of the word. He has learned to graduate objects in the order of their importance, and not to complicate his efforts to compass one of them by inopportune endeavors to promote the other. Of the two things which he has long been known to desire particularly, to wit, railway rate-making legislation and tariff revision, he now evidently considers the former as the more imperatively needed. He declined to discuss tariff revision with the representatives of the hide, leather and shoe industries of New England, who, headed by Governor Douglas, of Massachusetts, visited the White House on November 15, to advocate the admission of hides and other raw materials used in leather manufactures to the free list. He listened to their arguments; but, on the ground that his confidence had been violated by a

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member of a former Massachusetts delegation, refused to say what he should do; whether, in other words, he would commend their wishes to Congress in a paragraph of his annual message, or would reserve such commendation for a subsequent special message. That he is a convert to high protectionism there is not the slightest reason to believe. He can hardly fail to have been impressed by the proof afforded at the recent election in Massachusetts of the assurance given to him in a letter from Governor-elect Curtis Guild that the Republican ticket would have been defeated overwhelmingly in the old Bay State, had not the platform, on which Mr. Guild stood, contained a plank favoring an immediate revision of the tariff. As it was, Mr. Guild received a plurality of some 23,000, whereas Mr. Draper, the Republican candidate for Lieutenant-Governor, who, as a high protectionist, was believed not to be sincere in his approval of the platform, came within less than two thousand votes of being defeated. We understand that Mr. Whitney, the Democratic candidate for Lieutenant-Governor, declares that the President's words, quoted by him on the stump, could not fairly be regarded as in any sense confidential, inasmuch as they were spoken in an official reply to the revisionist delegation, of which Mr. Whitney was a member. It is a curious fact that, while most of the Democratic members of the House of Representatives may be counted upon to support tariff revision, some of the Republican members from former slave-States—there are 23 of these—intend to oppose it, on the ground that the numerous mills, factories and manufacturing plants established in the South have converted many residents of that section to high protection. Representative Brownlow, of Tennessee, is a spokesman of such converts.

There is no doubt that a delegation by Congress to the Interstate Commerce Commission of the power to substitute, even provisionally, a railway rate for a given rate pronounced unreasonable, is to be vigorously opposed by railway interests, partly on constitutional grounds, but mainly on the score of expediency. It was pointed out last winter by President Cassatt, of the Pennsylvania Railroad, in his testimony before the Interstate Commerce Committee of the Senate, that scores of thousands of railway employees would be affected injuriously, should Congress undertake to reduce railway rates. That he was speaking by the card was proved the other day, by the appearance in Washington

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of delegates of the employees of many large railway companies, for the purpose of making known to the President their conviction that political rate-making would be prejudicial to their interests. Mr. Roosevelt seems not to have been much impressed by the demonstration, but suggested that the spokesmen of the railway employees had been misinformed concerning the practical results of the proposed measure. Evidently the President's determination is unwavering to secure from Congress legislation, which, as regards interference with railway rates, shall follow substantially the lines of the Esch-Townsend bill, which was carried through the House by an overwhelming majority, but upon which the Senate omitted to act, desiring, it said, more extensive and trustworthy data, which a committee headed by Senator Elkins was instructed to procure during the recess. That Committee is expected to report soon after the meeting of the Fifty-ninth Congress, and there is no doubt that a majority of it will propose some remedy for the grievances of which shippers complain. The proposal is almost certain, however, to stop short of that delegation of power to the Interstate Commerce Commission whereof the President approves, and wherein he will doubtless be backed again by the House of Representatives.

We can hardly credit a rumor, which, however, is persistent, that Mr. Roosevelt intends to recommend in his annual message a Federal supervision of all life-insurance companies doing business in more than one State, and that Senator Dryden, of New Jersey, himself the head of the Prudential Life Insurance Company of Newark, will introduce a bill to that effect. There are but few lawyers in Washington who do not regard the unconstitutionality of such supervision as *res adjudicata*. According to their almost unanimous opinion, the United States Supreme Court will adhere to its previously recorded decision that the business transacted by life-insurance companies is not interstate commerce in the meaning of that term which the framers of the Constitution had in mind. The United States Supreme Court, however, yielding to the influence of public opinion, has reversed itself with reference to more than one important question.

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